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SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY (NOTRE  
DAME, IND.)  
ACADEMIC ANNUAL



1920  
YEAR BOOK



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

1950

YEAR BOOK



WILSON ACADEMY

NEW YORK, N.Y.

*Margaret A. Maher*  
*June - 11 - 1920*

**St. Mary's  
Academic  
Annual**

**1920**

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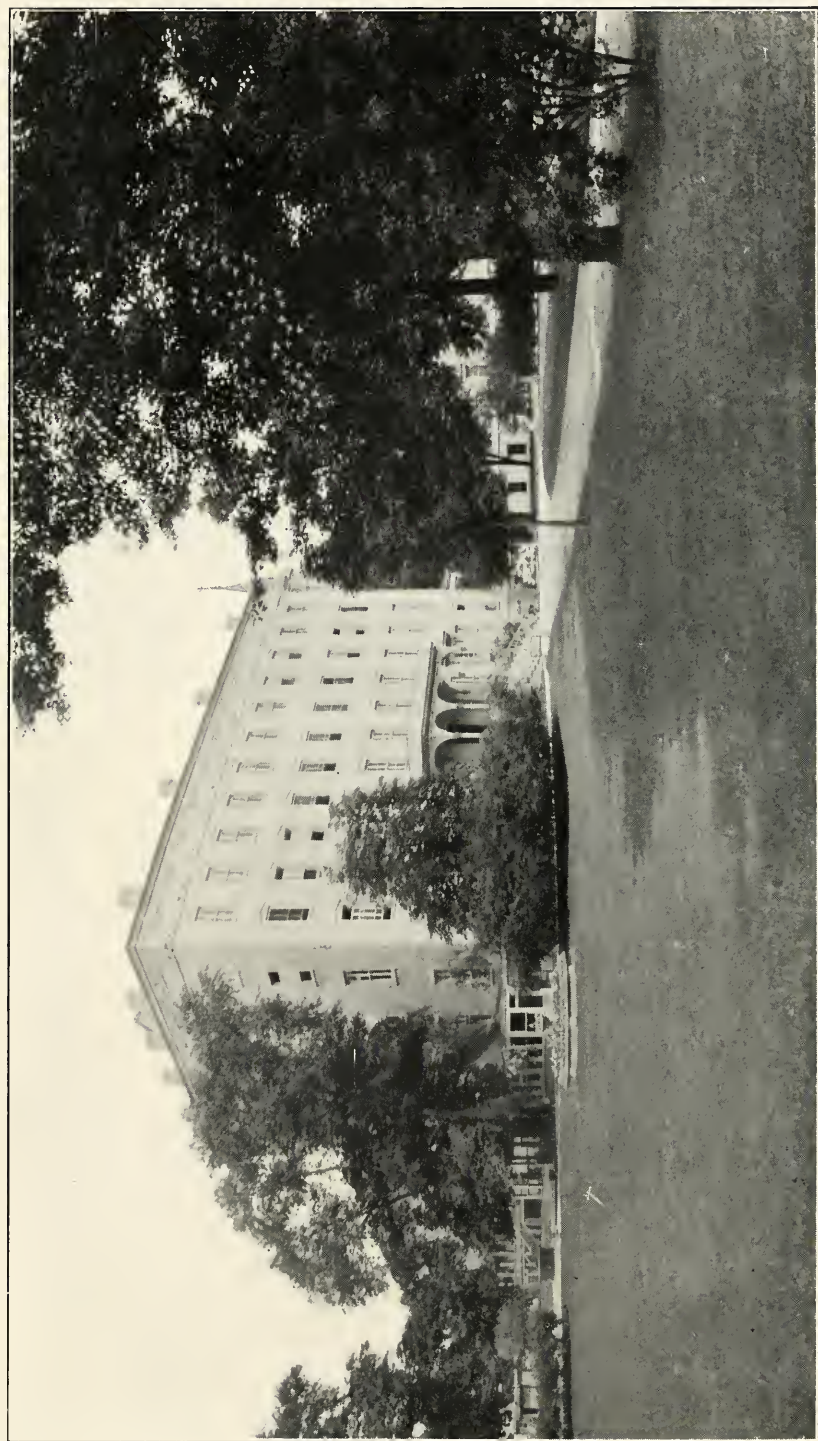
Directress of  
*St. Mary's College and Academy*  
Notre Dame, Indiana

*The Fourth Academic Class*  
of 1920 inscribes and dedicates  
this Year Book

1920

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ST. MARY'S ACADEMY

# Academic Annual

Edited by the Students of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. 7

JUNE, 1920

No. 1

## My Song of Gratitude

MARY PURMAN,  
*Fourth Academic.*

*How lovely nature mirrors Thee, O Lord!  
Like crystal lakes reflect the stately swan;  
From morn 'till eve, from eve 'till blushing dawn,  
Thy beauties here, like tones of sweetest chord,  
Entrance my wonder-stricken soul,  
With soaring thoughts that must extol:  
"O God, for joys and love of nature given,  
I send my gratitude to Thee in Heaven."*

*I watched an oriole among the sprays,  
Where sunlight blazed and sparkled with delight;  
It hopped, then soared, and from its airy flight,  
Alighted midst the beams to sing its lays.  
For sun and spring it trilled its note—  
A love-chant from its swelling throat  
To God, Who had instilled within its breast,  
A portion of that love He gave the blest.*

*This songster has my dormant spirit taught  
The debt I owe. My song so tightly sealed  
Within my heart before, now lies revealed—  
A song for Christ's brave army, who has sought  
The hill of Holy Cross severe,  
Perfection's height, yet know not fear.  
O zealous bearers of the Banner white,  
May God forever lead you with His light!*

*A humble leader reigns with queenly grace,  
Whose most submissive soul embraced God's call  
To guard us like a mother, lest we fall,  
Along that road where sin we must efface.  
O dearest Lord, behold our thought,  
For words have failed, our souls o'erfraught  
With gratitude to Thee, Who kindly sent,  
A mother-love that never is forspent!*



## ACADEMIC GRADUATES

M. Curley  
M. Ryan  
M. Keown  
M. Butler  
D. Menden

I. Kehoe  
A. McElroy  
A. Perry  
M. Van Heuvel  
H. Smidt

G. Loesch  
T. Hoehy  
N. Guill  
L. Gleason  
A. Vanderkarr

M. Purman  
G. Smith  
T. Burke  
L. Riley  
E. Burkhartsmeier

V. de la Housaye  
L. White  
F. Guthrie  
M. Purman  
L. Shaughnessy

## Traditions at St. Mary's

DOROTHY MENDEN,  
*Fourth Academic.*

CONDITIONS at St. Mary's are conducive to the fostering of tradition. Age, which is a requisite, honorable old age is ours, for over fifty years St. Mary's has lived out the ideal raised by the founders of Holy Cross Community. Then too, the very atmosphere of St. Mary's is most favorable for tradition; it is a home of holy peace and quiet. The sheltering oaks, maples and sycamores and the pleasant walks winding beneath their kindly boughs suggest peace. Added to this, there is time for nourishing tradition for we are busy in our own way, but not in the noisy, precipitant way of the distracted world. Under these auspicious circumstances, tradition has grown and is growing.

Ours is a tradition all the more priceless because it is a living one. Some of the Sisters who were closely associated with those who founded Holy Cross in America are among us today. These Sisters loved, worked and suffered with and imbibed the spirit of the founders. That spirit is the source of the tradition of St. Mary's, which today, is

firm and intact under their guardianship.

Lives of sacred devotion to duty have bequeathed as a rich inheritance to Holy Cross, their characteristic of devotedness, the dearest tradition of St. Mary's—a distinctive mark from its very beginning. It has been evidenced in every undertaking of the Holy Cross Sisters, even in the little interests of the daily routine. It was obviously manifested in the work of the Sisters during the Civil War. They responded unhesitatingly and cheerfully to their Country's call. Their work consisted in tending the wounded soldiers, ministering to their spiritual as well as to their physical needs, at Mound City, Memphis and Cairo. The Sisters persevered with unswerving self-abnegation and invincible ardor; in their unselfish devotedness, they sacrificed all. Grim reminders of this spirit of devotedness to duty are the two cannons, Lady Polk and Lady Davis, which were given to Mother Angela by Commodore Davis. They are still where they were first placed, on the campus, with the stars and stripes afloat not far

distant. Other memorials of devotedness are the markers, presented by the government in recognition of the services of the Sisters during the Civil War. The spirit of devotedness, characteristic of the Sisters, has found a response in the girls. Loyalty has ever been the distinguishing mark of a true St. Mary's girl.

Devotion which is deep always manifests itself in the exterior. At St. Mary's, it has been given expression in the traditional procession. Mother Angela was a sincere advocate of this beautiful ceremonial and she sought to draw young hearts to God through this medium. Through Mother Angela's influence and example, certain days of special devotion came to be marked by never-to-be-forgotten processions. Perhaps the most memorable of all is the one on the feast of Corpus Christi. Formerly, it was customary for the Sisters to take part in the procession around the Lake at Notre Dame. The Corpus Christi Procession is still observed with a few changes in the ceremony; however, it is entered into with the same reverence and quiet devotion. The Rogation Day procession, to beg God's blessing upon the fruits of the earth, is also a traditional observance. Yet another beautiful custom was the May Day ceremony, an expression of devotion to Mary, Queen of the May. At half-past five each morning, the girls went in procession around the river bank, singing the Litany, and then proceeded to Loretto to assist at Holy Mass. In recalling the sacred processions of other days, we can not forget the procession or Pilgrimage which marked the feast of Our Lady of Loretto. All those who participated made a pilgrimage to the Presbytery. They ascended the narrow staircase of these unfamiliar quarters into a room where a little repast had been prepared for them. The girls stood around the table, hastily disposed of the doughnut and cup of hot coffee and, with equal celerity, departed to make room for the others. The pilgrim's repast was the essential part of the ceremony of the day and it has made the feast of Loretto dear to tradition. Indeed, the processions are memories to be treasured by those whose privilege it is to recall them.

These sacred ceremonies bring to mind other marks of exterior devotion, the out-of-door shrines and monuments. Trinity Arbor and the Shrines of Our Lady of Peace, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and St. Michael are traditionally loved spots. The Rosary Circle which comprised fifteen rose beds, typifying the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, we know but by hearsay. The willow tree was also a favorite resort; it, too, is but a memory now, having been destroyed by a storm.

Just as in the history of every great nation, we find lovely lore which enriches literature and gives an insight into the character of the people, so at St. Mary's, there are stories that have been handed down which will serve for the amusement or edification of us all. In the unwritten records of tradition, this story is told of Mother Charles. Mother, searching for a site where the astronomy class might study the spacious firmament with unobstructed view, decided upon the grave yard and conducted her class thither. However, it was not the excellency of the view but rather the uniqueness of the situation and the ghostliness of the "wee, small hours" which interested the class. Then, there is an account of a great occasion, the dance of the season, which will perhaps be of great interest to the modern St. Mary's girl. The room now known as the Assembly Hall was the scene of the festivities. An exceptionally fine three-piece orchestra afforded the music for dancing; the refreshments consisted in cookies and hot coffee. Then too, there was the dissipation of late hours, the merriment continuing until the unearthly hour of eleven o'clock, and the unusual privilege of displaying as much finery as desired. What an event it must have been! However, these mitigations in the rules were made but for a few fleeting hours. Indeed, the regulations of those days were very severe, considering that even bangs and curls were prohibited as extravagant vanities. The Prefect of Discipline kept on her desk a strong wire brush for the purpose of enforcing this rule. It was made use of whether the curls were the result of kid curlers, rags, or just a natural affliction.

Besides these little anecdotes, there are stories of traditional customs which give us some idea of the joys and sorrows of our predecessors. One of the most trying ordeals of the St. Mary's girl of yesterday was the Sunday afternoon catechetical instruction, held in church by the chaplain in the presence of the entire community. Another tedious but probably less dreaded trial, was the half hour each Saturday night devoted to the practicing of the St. Mary's bow. In reviewing the weekly routine of those days, we find customs which go to prove that ranks and methodical ways of procedure were even more strictly observed then than they are now, unbelievable though it may be. Each Saturday afternoon, the girls went in rank to the clothes room; having secured their packages, they proceeded still in rank to the dormitory, thence to the attic to procure their Sunday uniforms. This orderly procedure was repeated Monday morning when the uniforms were returned. There was also another precaution taken for the proper preservation of the Sunday apparel. On Monday morning as the girls filed into the study hall in front of the prefect, stationed at the door, each one as she passed, paused long enough to permit a glance at her foot-wear and raised her uniform skirt ever so little in evidence that she had replaced her Sunday

raiment by the more worn and less elegant attire of week days.

However, they had their pleasures as well as their trials. The melon and turnip feasts, the customary Christmas sleigh-ride, the plays on Father General's feast and the violet-gathering expeditions compensated for these severe demands made upon self-composure. The walks to the gate, too, were just popular at a time when the gate was but a dignified name for a very ordinary stile, as they are now. Another custom or rather tendency which originated among our predecessors and has been handed down to us is the desire to probe into and unravel the mystery of the Sisters' names. What a revelation when the old Chimes gives up the envied secret!

All these traditional observances and customs, even the most amusing, evince a spirit of which St. Mary's may well be proud; underlying it all, there is that devotedness to duty and love of the beautiful which constitute the very foundation of its tradition. We are now custodians of that tradition and if we are to cherish it as it has been cherished, it is necessary to make our own those noble characteristics which are its fundamental principles. In this way, we not only perpetuate the tradition but we become factors in the progress of St. Mary's.

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## My Old Fashioned Garden

ETHEL BURKHARTSMEIER,

*Fourth Academic.*

*In a garden of zephyr-blown flowers,  
Of myriad-hued blossoms, dwells  
An old-fashioned Mother of someone  
Who, fond memory-secrets retells.*

*At the golden-rod, glowing, she pauses,  
Amid the hollyhock cluster she peeps,  
But the velvety face that contents her  
Is the black-jetted pansy she keeps.*

## To The Nuns of The Battlefield

ETHEL BURKHARTSMEIER,  
*Fourth Academic.*

*How noble and reserved thou art!  
Thy Maker molded and so wrought  
Thy soul, that it perfection sought.  
Thy ebon garb sets thee apart—  
A sanctuary lamp, thy heart  
Is glowing in virginity,  
Preparing for eternity.  
What mysteries deep thy hopes impart!*

*From tranquil and sequestered way  
To sanguine fields thou entered in,  
Immured in fiercest battle din!  
Soft veils of mercy thou did'st lay  
On wounded, stained with war's array!  
Thy presence quelled the hellish charms,  
Thy soothing touch dissuaded harms,  
All war-like thirst thou did'st allay!*

*The hospital, a cloister made—  
Thy singing soul, the angel choir  
That lifted thoughts from carnal mire  
And bade the vengeful passions fade.  
On bivouac of warriors preyed  
By Death,—on those who die unwept,  
And over mangled knights is kept  
By thee, eternal vigil staid.*

*Almighty God, give unto me  
A soul of valor like the nun;  
That when in life, a war unwon  
Against all sin, my enemy,  
My strength and faith will lie in Thee!  
When combating temptations hurled,  
Beneath triumphant banner furled,  
Lead me, O God, to victory!*

## Why Study Latin?

MIRIAM CURLEY,  
*Fourth Academic.*

WHY study Latin, is a question of interest to educators to-day, because there is a movement to abolish this old and honorable language from the list of College entrance requirements and from the High School course. Were the abolition of the study of Latin to go into effect, the curriculum would suffer a loss irreparable, a loss not at all compensated by the introduction of the many so-called practical subjects. Such a movement is not surprising in this materialistic age, when the real test of an education seems to be its power to accumulate money. Here the classics fall short, perhaps, for their value cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Many and weighty are the reasons why the study of Latin should be retained and encouraged in the High School. English and Latin are so closely related that this fact alone should be sufficient to plead its cause. The classical languages, Latin as well as Greek, are the foundation of our English language. A student has not long been initiated into the mysteries of Latin until he finds real satisfaction in analyzing such words as, manufacture, malefactor, benefactor (and all the other "factors"); in tracing out the derivation of deduce, induce, conduce, together with their long line of related words. In all, it is estimated that about seventy-five per cent of our English words are derived from Latin and Greek. By being acquainted with words in this way, a splendid, specific vocabulary is acquired; a real necessity for every-one, whether in the business or professional world. One will find, too, that many of the new words, invented as necessity demands, are based upon the Latin language.

Not only English but also the Romance languages including Portugese, French, Spanish and Italian have as their foundation, Latin. Since the need of the hour is to do a thing well and thereby conserve energy why not study the basis of

these languages,—Latin? The extensive intercourse to-day between United States and Europe makes a thorough understanding of the continental languages a necessity to the efficient business man. Some thinker has aptly said, "By knowing Latin one knows almost by instinct what a word means when it appears in another language." There is no doubt that the study of Latin will be a time-saver in the study of the Romance languages.

Besides being a help to the study of languages, Latin furnishes invaluable mental drill. After one has been put through the mental gymnastics of Latin, exact thinking and accuracy in expression result. Concentration, systematic thinking and observation are all habits of inestimable good derived from Latin. It helps also to the acquisition of correct English style, since it conveys concise form, finish, brevity, clearness, correct sentence structure, and beautiful phrasing.

Moreover, Latin is of incalculable value to the professional man. Such vocations as doctors, dentists, lawyers, chemists, scientists and others, all require a knowledge of Latin. But those in favor of abolishing Latin in the High School course say, "Let the boys and girls take this subject in College." This would have weight were it not true that a large number of High School graduates go to work who, consequently, would be cheated of the advantages of its study. A knowledge of Latin is of benefit not only to professional men but, it will make everyone better fitted for whatever he does.

Latin is not only a means to an end but an end in itself, since the classics give a culture to the mind that nothing else can impart. The great menace to our country to-day is an over-production of money-making men and a dearth of cultured men and thinkers. The study of the classics and appreciation of them will help to check this present day tend-

ency, and will elevate not only the individual but also society.

Those who argue against the study of Latin ask why translations will not do, since they save the time and labor of translating. Nearly all interpretations differ and none of them conveys the real beauty, the real life of the original. If the classics are read in the original, all the nice discriminations intended by the author may be fully appreciated. Very good authority states, "There is nothing as good as the practice of translating to make one understand what he reads, and capable of expressing his own thoughts in terse, vigorous English."

So many of the world's best English writers have modeled their works after the classical thoughts and style of the classics that a knowledge, at least of the fundamentals of Latin, is necessary for a proper understanding of literary productions. Here we see the fruit of correlation of English and Latin. The study of Milton's poems, "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus," are of much more benefit to the student who has had four years of Latin, than to the one who has had no such foundation. Such a student is able to appreciate the innumerable allusions to classical mythology and the

many words of Latin derivation in which the poems abound. The opening lines of "L'Allegro" are but an example of the references to classical myths and words:

"Hence loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and  
sights unholy!"

It is obvious, then, that Latin has its advantages. It is the mother of the English language, and forms a sound basis for the study of the Romance languages; it develops mental power; it enables business and professional men to fulfill their positions well, and is not only a means to an end but an end in itself. All these may be summed up in the words of Robert Lansing, "I am convinced that the study of the classics furnishes a man with mental processes which he cannot otherwise acquire, that it elevates him above the materialistic and gives him a loftier conception of the realities. Experience has proven that acquaintance with classical thought perfects the intellect and makes it able to enter the other fields of knowledge with a keener perception of the things which make life worth the living."

## Ode On Author's Favorite Dish

ETHEL BURKHARTSMEIER,

*Fourth Academic.*

*Talk about your Pastry sweet,  
Or the savory cuts of meat  
And the fancy salads appetizing;—  
Brag about the consommés  
And delectable parfais,  
French deserts so rich and tantalizing;*

*Laud the gravy brown and thick;  
Peas or cabbage—have your pick;  
Praise your pickles green and olives bitter,  
Though these foods delicious be  
One, "propitious" tempteth me,  
That's the sugar-glittered apple fritter!*

## The Mayflower

ELIZABETH BUELL,

*Third Academic.*

*(For a two year old nephew)*

*Tired of the daisies that swarm in the dell,  
Weary of buttercups, poppy and bell,  
May fashioned a flower; the lily and rose  
Gave their colors to make it the fairest that grows.  
Said the lily, "I'll give it my purest of white;  
While you, rose, tint it pink, be it ever so light."  
The tulips and poppies red, flaunting and gay,  
Gave the merriest mouth, just to laugh all the day.  
While the violets took from their deepest hue  
To make eyes that twinkle like stars in the blue.  
The daffodils' gold was to shine, as they said,  
In the sunniest curls that e'er graced little head.  
Then spoke the old oak in the midst of the throng,  
"Let me gird it with sturdiness; tiny but strong."  
But it took God to give and to place in its heart,  
A wee little sunbeam that never should part.  
May fashioned a flower, and when it was through  
God breathed in it life, and that flower is you.*

## Americanism As Portrayed by Booth Tarkington

AILZIA McELROY

*Fourth Academic.*

OUR NATION has always had for her ideal true Americanism—such Americanism as is based on the ideal of right, because it is right, the principle enunciated by Lincoln. This great statesman defined Americanism as "the belief in the validity of American purpose, in the magnificence of American ideals, in the beauty of American naturalization, and in the importance of American destiny." Our country has succeeded because Lincoln's definition of Americanism has ever been graven on the hearts of our people. They have had faith in American purpose; and of that faith has been born hope in the greatness of American destiny.

Much has been written and is being written today on Americanism. Since the war a vast number of books, periodicals, and well-known magazines are devoting

a great deal of time and space to the discussion of this topic. One of the best and simplest books, and one which teaches without appearing to do so, is Booth Tarkington's "Ramsey Milholland." In this novel, Mr. Tarkington has expressed his sentiments of Americanism in his individual manner.

We have reason to feel proud that Booth Tarkington is a native son of the Hoosier State. He was born in Indianapolis in 1871, and was educated at Princeton. From his works we glean that he is ambitious, wide awake and energetic. He writes with considerable ease, and never seems to weary of his task. Some of his books, which have been widely read are "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Penrod," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Conquest of Canaan" and "Seventeen." One of our leading news-

papers declares, "that Mr. Tarkington is going to be the next Dean of American Letters, and that already he comes next to Mr. Howells."

The truth of his ability is proved by the very plot of Ramsey Milholland. There is nothing unusual about it, nothing complex; rather it is charmingly simple. Yet Tarkington's own personality has so vividly colored this simplicity with sincere sympathy that it vibrates with the life pulse of America—its joys, its sorrows. The opening of this story is picturesque. Ramsey Milholland, age seven, and his grandfather are sitting together in the shade of a walnut tree in the front yard watching the "Decoration Day Parade." Ramsey's little heart is thrilled at the sight of the color, action and distinct uniformity in discipline of the old Civil War veterans. He is perplexed and confused in a childish way over the question of right at stake in the Civil War. The old grandfather tried to dispel "the little vertical shadows on Ramsey's forehead," by telling him just why the North was certain it was right, and thus confident of victory. "Lincoln wasn't mixed up about it. When some people told him that God was on our side, he said the important thing to do was to find out if we were on God's side. President Lincoln didn't want a make up God on his side; he wanted to find God Himself and find out what He wanted, and then to do it. And that's what Lincoln did. . . . The South was fighting for what it believed to be its rights, but we weren't fighting for our rights; we were fighting for the right." Ramsey had heard his first lesson in Americanism. Unconsciously, he was imbibing a love for Lincoln's ideal, which then confused him. Though he had understood not one-tenth of his grandfather's talk, yet, later, the meaning "took on a greater definiteness till it became, in the grandson's thoughts, something clear and bright and beautiful that he knew without being sure where or how he had learned it."

The next years of Ramsey's life were just as ordinary as are those of the average American school-boy. He had no liking for the monotonous hum-drum of school life, because of the presence in

each year's class of Dora Yocum, the star of the class, the teacher's pet, whom he hated with all the heat of his childish hate. To him she was ever a grim reminder of his stupidity. The biggest benefit he anticipated in graduating from High School was of never seeing Dora Yocum again. However, he was to be disappointed. Upon registering at the State University, to his chagrin and utter bewilderment, he read on the register, Dora Yocum. In his first year, as if fate were indulging in a malicious jest, Ramsey was sent to debate against Dora on the question "That Germany is both legally and morally justified in her invasion of Belgium," and was promptly defeated. Dora, with the aid of her keen intellect, tried to impress on Ramsey's mind the evils of war. She was sincere in her convictions, but prejudiced. She succeeded in talking him into silence, but his was a silence of vigorous meditation. When the war came to America, Ramsey's silence gave birth to a potent energy that demanded a sacrifice of everything.

In 1915 came a shock which changed things. The sinking of the *Lusitania* aroused the fighting spirit in the hearts of our American people. Ramsey at this time knew long pensive moments as he pondered over the vital prospect; he was serious but not loquacious. The war came nearer and threw down the challenge to him. Ramsey gave evidence now that somehow, somewhere he had learned his lesson in Americanism. He brought out "his memory thoughts that the old man had put into the child's head that day. We knew that armies fighting for the freedom of man had to win, in the long run. We were on the side of God's Plan." He was the first boy in the University to enlist as a private in the U. S. army. His enlistment worked a miracle in Dora; she changed her pacifistic views and entered the Red Cross, becoming imbued with Ramsey's spirit of Americanism.

In this novel, the author has portrayed a typical American young man, who under the stress of a great crisis, becomes a man of action. "Ramsey's life was but the outward glinting of a high and splendid spirit, as high and splendid as the

earth can show, and yet it was only the life of an every-day American." Had he been an orator, or a brilliant scholar, he never would have had the influence which as an average American school-boy he exerted.

Ramsey Milholland is a book essentially didactic, clearly purposive, light of touch, but natural, charming and illuminative of the variety of motives which lie as a basis of human endeavor. There are pages of great strength and passages of lively interest throughout the book. It portrays deep feeling with an artistic, quiet manner that draws little attention to itself. It is a novel for our American boys and girls. It will make them realize

the power for good action, which is predominant through-out the work. The tone is pure and elevated with an ideal, ethical spirituality emanating from the vital power and divine glow of patriotism. It is a convincing work which, in its brief analysis, is extraordinary in its strength, and dares to offer a substantial philosophy of Americanism. In all, it embodies a tremendous lesson—the lesson that Americanism is not a "fad of philanthropy, a spasm of uplift, or even a demonstration in civics and education," but rather, faith in the worth of American purpose, and in the greatness of American ideals.

## The Boyhood of Francis Thompson

TERESA BURKE,

*Fourth Academic.*

BORN in the year 1859 at Preston Lancashire, Francis Thompson describes his birthplace as being disappointingly like any other. He could not say likewise concerning his childhood and boyhood, for being a child was a tragedy to him and his boyhood was one of awkward shyness and impenetrable reserve to his misunderstanding companions. In his own words he describes the child Francis—"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses; lowness into loftiness; and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space."

His long tragedy of early experiences is attributed to his delicate sensitiveness and habits of loneliness. But he realized that, "As the child's grief is little, so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision." As a result of his shyness and childish grievances he excluded

himself from all but his mother and sisters. To his sisters, he would give entertainments; and perform until he had entirely exhausted the patience of his young auditors. It was only in their company that he threw off the cloak of reticence and melancholy that remained with him to his death.

Even at the early age of seven, Thompson asserted his love for poetry and poets. He was drawn as if by a magnet into the hearts of Shakespeare and Coleridge, and he modestly honored them by choosing them as his life friends. Despising the flatness and unsympathetic monotony of floors, he was generally to be found on the stairs with his books. There it was he built his air castles, made friends with thoughts that only he would ever know, and there it was that he drifted away from the world of reality into an Utopian one of dreams.

It is difficult to find the point of separation between the poet's childhood and boyhood. Although he had been lonely all during his childhood, still he had been content to a certain degree with its air-bubble crosses and solitary joys. "I did not want to be a man," he asserted, "I did not want responsibilities. Toys I could surrender with chagrin, for I had my

great top of imagination whereby the world became to me a box of toys." To some degree, Thompson always remained the child and in another sense, he had never been one, for he had never looked with the attitude of children at life and the mannerisms of living.

A dignity as well as loneliness and sorrow accompanied him across the threshold into the perplexing and bewildering life of a schoolboy at Ushaw. "Tommy," for such was the name given to him on his arrival, is described by Father Phillips as "a delicate looking boy with a somewhat pinched expression of face, very quiet and unobtrusive and perhaps a little melancholy." From Father Mann we learn of his love for reading and of his likes and dislikes, far different from those of the other Ushaw boys.

His first impressions of school were of the tormenting pranks of his more rollicking schoolmates. He actually suffered when he was made victim of their teasings, for he was unable to comprehend their glee at seeing him endure their unintentional injuries. When speaking of Shelley, he unconsciously portrays himself as "a little St. Sebastian sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skillfully avoid the vital parts." He was of the opinion that "if a boy were let into Heaven, he would chase the little angels to pluck the feathers out of their wings."

Only when all alone with authors practically unknown to his classmates was he supremely happy. The absent-mindedness which prevented him from becoming an apt scholar at first, gradually disappeared and rapid progress in classes, particularly in English was noted by his professors. His unusual talent for writing compositions was early known, but he only showed fragments of his verse to the college. Although of a serious trend of mind, he did not lack humour as is proved by snatches of verse scribbled during class hours. His budding individuality is seen especially in his "Lament" for his Master, who was at the time in the infirmary.

For him the social life at Ushaw held no great attraction. Rather he was ever an outsider looking in on all the sports and activities, which were part and parcel of the college regime. Rambles he loved; during his wanderings he became imbued with the beauties of the fields and meadows. Unconsciously, he was a close and retentive observer, holding the charms of nature until his mind could give expression worthy of them. His biographer writes, "Let him see but one daisy and all his paths would be strewn with white and gold. He had the inner eye which, when it lifted heavy lashes lets in immutable memories."

And what of Francis Thompson in regard to religion? Although piety cannot be said to have been a noticeable virtue in him, still every one knew how truly faithful and devout he was. While learning earnestly the ceremonials and liturgy he recognized also the worth of the misal, the need for meditations and the incalculable assistance he received from his frequent visits to the college chapel. He entered into the study for the priesthood, but his spiritual advisors urged him to give up the desire, for they knew that his absent-mindedness and indolence, although not of his own volition, would eventually prove him incapable of following a life of strict discipline and severe austerity.

Like to St. Stanislaus the young Polish noble, who lived only to the end of his boyhood, is the boy Francis. His love of nature, his seclusion, his gentle tolerance of the tortures inflicted by his companions, his aloofness from the world in which he lived, and his deep and zealous love of God put him in sympathy with the youthful saint who suffered so much in so short a life time.

The seeds of piety, sincere faith, noble thoughts, innate understanding of nature, and the warm expressions which characterized him, sown in the loneliness and unhappiness of his boyhood, in their fruition, have given to the world one of our great English poets.

# Theodore Roosevelt, The American

ALICE PERRY,

*Fourth Academic.*

UNDER the exalted banner of America stands a nation distinguished by its love for permanent democracy and genuine patriotism, by its devotedness to chivalrous courage and real nobility. When one of its citizens stands out, prominently characterized by devotion to those ideals of our nation, Americans point to him with pride, and honor him with the title of true American.

Such a one was the late Theodore Roosevelt, American statesman, soldier, historian, naturalist and explorer. Truly has it been said of him that "There never was a great American, who showed his intense Americanism either in his words or in his life more clearly than Theodore Roosevelt. His heritage of Dutch, German, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French Huguenot and English descendants made him a real type of the mighty nation which embraces the whole civilized globe in its fold.

Indomitable courage was imprinted on his character from the dawn of his youth, for his development from a sickly child to a healthy man, makes a record of obstacles overcome by determined courage. His spirit was dauntless. That strong ideal, "I will fear no evil" was impressed not only on his heart and soul, but upon his expressions and actions.

The pages of history have painted and repainted his memorable spirit displayed as "Colonel" leading on his beloved "Rough Riders" into the din and shriek of the guns during the conflict with Spain. His opinion of cowardice when expressed has always been marked with disgust, as when he said, "Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin."

One of the fruits of his indomitable courage was his loyalty to his family, his country and his God. Though his love of liberty was alive at all times, when the question of right and justice arose, he was immediately armed with genuine loyalty so characteristic of him.

His achievement as President was one of the innumerable markers by which he displayed his duty and loyalty to our country. It took his powers of initiative and his energy to undertake the great work of the Panama Canal. His heart, his mind and his strength were all sacrificed for the people.

As soon as the guns of America thundered into the World conflict, the Colonel utilized all his strength, influence and popularity to enter into active service, but was rejected. Yet he was a patriot in every fibre of his being and personal disappointment in no manner cooled his zeal. As an emblem of his loyalty he offered four valiant sons upon the altar of liberty. One complete sacrifice was accepted for one never returned to give the account of his remarkable stewardship but sealed it in a lonely French grave.

Theodore Roosevelt always stood prepared to sacrifice everything for his country. Proof of his inborn and constant Americanism, is embodied in even the last message, which he gave, "In the light for Americanism there must be no sagging."

Above these admirable characteristics of courage and loyalty, stands that far more splendid ideal of unadulterated nobility. Emerson's idea of a great man fits him well, "He is what he is from nature" and who never reminded us of others. He took things in the large, high way, never stooping to a low or petty course. His ideals which he chose and lived up to, portray the steel character of a man, of one who sees that everything can be improved upon. With the standards of Washington and Lincoln we elevate those noble principles of Theodore Roosevelt, to the young manhood of today. For he, as they, stood for unselfish ambition, power, fidelity and honesty.

As to his domestic relations, they were we are told, ideal. "He was the best of husbands and fathers." Closely united to his devotedness to his family, was his

strict observance of the law of God. The Ten Commandments were ten gleaming stars which guided him, ever on the way of righteousness, in powerful business, in politics, in government and in international diplomacy. He served God as an apostle, too, for a record shows that at the age of fifteen, he found enough time to teach a Mission Sunday school, and, again, while at Harvard, a mission class in Boston and Cambridge.

Theodore Roosevelt was too big not to recognize his own limitations or to scorn the advice of others. He was ever prepared to receive hints and suggestions for his betterment. A friend of his one day reprimanded him for making one of his appointments, "My dear, sir," replied the President, "where you know of one mistake, I know of ten."

The personality of Theodore was most fascinating, it cast a spell upon even those of his enemies. "Delighted" was

the perpetual greeting in his heart or on his lips, and undoubtedly, if the reaper of death had not sought him unprepared, he would have echoed out across the plains and valleys of America, "I've had a bully time," for such was his expression given after an honorary banquet, a bloody battle, or a harrowing escape in the Jungles of Africa.

America has lost a faithful steward, surely, with the closing of Theodore Roosevelt's life; yet this sublime record of his personality, his good qualities and valiant deeds will ever be imprinted on the hearts of the American people. From the powerful waters of the Atlantic to the turbulent white-caps of the Pacific, is echoed and re-echoed this message, "He was a man, a great man and the friend of man; but above all else he was a great American, the greatest of his day and generation."

## The South's Contribution to The Nation's Wit and Humor

LUCILE GLEASON,  
*Fourth Academic.*

THE SUNNY SOUTH which was the inspiration for "Dixie" and "Old Black Joe" has generously contributed her share to the wealth of American Wit and Humor. To Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, and last but not least, to Georgia belong the most credit for prolific, humorous and witty writers. George Washington Harris, George D. Prentice, Thomas B. Thorpe, Alexander E. Sweet and Joel Chandler Harris are excellent representatives of the respective states. "The Big Bear in Arkansas" and "A Hoosier in Search of Justice" by Thomas B. Thorpe are unusually amusing. George Washington Harris' local color stories of east Tennessee afford many a hearty laugh.

Middle Georgia is important as the birthplace of the raciest and most original kind of Southern Humor. Humor of Southern writers differs materially from

humor of other writers. It is not the grotesque, overdrawn, screamingly funny style, but the more delicate, subtle, spontaneous style of humor which creeps into the writing of its own accord, never forcing itself. The humdrum, everyday plantation life revealed in its quaint, darky dialect and humor found itself in literature which will last through the efforts of these Southern writers who wrote from the heart.

Joel Chandler Harris 1848-1908, an example of the saying, "The last shall be first" is the unrivalled creator of the most original kind of Southern Wit and Humor. He was born in a drowsy, little town in the heart of Georgia, far removed from educational centers. He was a frail-looking lad, but bubbling over with mischievous fun and ardently in love with nature. His childhood was spent on an isolated plantation where all

the good phases of the system of slavery were manifested. Years later during his literary career, this environment became the background of his bright and sparkling stories of the old time darkies.

His world-famed "Uncle Remus" stories came rather by accident. While a paragrapher, as terse as found in the South, he was called upon to supply the place of a department editor who had failed to furnish his material; the result was so successful that he was put in charge of that department.

In these stories Harris depicts the childish simplicity, cunning superstition and true loyalty of the Southern slave. Some stories that best illustrate these characters are: "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "Free Joe," "Daddy Jake," "The Tar Baby" and "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann." "Uncle Remus" is an answer to Harriet Beecher Stowe's representation of slavery. He certainly had nothing but pleasant memories of the discipline of slavery and his "Uncle Remus" represents a majority of the Southern negroes, not an isolated class.

Harris' principal character, "Uncle Remus" is a combination of three or four old darkies known to him. All day the old gray headed darky sits in the sun telling stories in his quaint dialect, thus amusing the children. The doings of "Uncle Remus" are based on legends of old darky stories which delighted the ear of the young child and which were repeated over and over to him by old negro mammies on the plantation. "The Tar Baby Story" is perhaps the best loved of all the "Uncle Remus" legends. It has been translated into Bengali and African dialects and illustrates to advantage the cunning of the negro.

Most of "Uncle Remus" heroes and heroines are animals; the fox, wolf, rabbit, and the like, and in the majority of cases the weak little rabbit triumphs over his stronger adversaries. In the "Tar Baby Story," Brer Rabbit has been committing depredations on Brer Fox's peanut field and Brer Fox determines to teach him a lesson, so he sets up a tar baby. Shortly the inquisitive Brer Rabbit comes along for a supply of peanuts

and wonders at the strange object that confronts him. Thinking it a spy he decides to conceal himself and see what happens, but the object does not move. The policy of the watchful waiting becomes tiresome and he decides to take matters into his own hands and approaches the tar baby whom he hits. The result is obvious.

Harris' perfect naturalness and artlessness are especially emphasized when "Brer Wolf says Grace." This time Brer Wolf thought he would make a good meal off Brer Rabbit; so when the latter is returning from visiting "Miss Meadows," Brer Wolf hides himself in a great big basket in the road knowing that Brer Rabbit will never pass without inquiring as to its contents and right he is for no sooner does Brer Rabbit spy the basket than he goes prying into it. As he takes off the cover to his terror and surprise he finds himself in the clutches of his sworn enemy, Brer Wolf. After great threatenings on the part of the latter, the much frightened Brer Rabbit tells Brer Wolf that he should show politeness and the way to show it is to say his grace before preparing to eat Brer Rabbit. To Brer Wolf's inquiries as to the manner of saying grace Brer Rabbit replies, "Fol' yo' han's und' yo' chin, en shet yo' eyes en say; Bless us en bine us, en put us in a crack whar de Ole Boy can't fine us." No sooner had Brer Wolf done as he was told than Brer Rabbit was out of Brer Wolf's clutches and had naturally "left a blue streak behind him."

A real Southern negro was depicted by Harris in his "Daddy Jake," a carriage driver, a slave in the household of Dr. Gaston who was held in great esteem by Lillian and Lucien his marse's two children. One day in a fit of anger he hit the overseer over the head with a hoe-handle and characteristic of the negro he ran away and hid himself, but his faithful little friends found him and begged him to return because "Daddy was not mad" and the overseer was not dead to which the old man replied, "Well, I'll be blest! Wa't kinder head you reckon dat w'ite man got? Honey, is you sholy sho dat man ain't dead?"

No where is there to be found a more

natural or unaffected manner than that of Joel Chandler Harris. His truthful representation together with his spirit of keen humor, and his inexhaustible treasury of quips and odd fancies make his stories dear to every Southern heart. There is also to be found a great deal of sound philosophy in "Uncle Remus;" as in the following quotation: "A man's tongue ain't got no Sunday."

The heyday of Southern humor was be-

fore the war from 1835 to 1855. True, the day was shadowed by the Civil War but the passing of a dark cloud on a sunshiny afternoon only reveals the sun brighter than before its passage; so the heyday continues with no evidence of evening shadows and as Mrs. Kilmer says: "Although these are lovely and certain to please

Who knows but the rest may be nicer than these?"

## A Journey Through Heaventown

MONA KEOWN,

Fourth Academic.

*I wandered through fields of tall buttercups gay  
Away from the honors of graduate's day,  
Their bright sunny faces uplifted to God  
Resembled the Saints that before me had trod.  
I walked till the twilight had lowered its shades,  
And nature was sleeping in dim sylvan glades.*

*While lying there thinking on moss-like soft down,  
I dreamed of a journey through heaven's bright town.  
My guardian angel, a spirit sublime,  
Escorted me round through the heavenly clime.  
I called on three Saints in my travels above,  
Imbibing a trait from each Saint's fount of love.*

*The first ones I met at the entrance serene,  
Were Christ and His Mother, an exquisite scene;—  
The Saviour's expression, that beautiful Face  
Emitting bright rays of His mercy and grace;  
And Mary most blest of the heavenly throng  
Was honored by angels adoring in song.*

*St. Michael, the patron of warfaring youth,  
Inspired me with courage and love for the truth.  
And dear St. Elizabeth, God's Saint demure,  
Inflamed my lone heart with her charity pure,  
St. Joseph, the father and patriarch's light,  
Then strengthened my soul for her heavenward flight.*

*Then lastly I knelt by the Mother and Queen  
All robed in the splendor of heaven's own sheen;  
Unspeakable beauty Our Lady displayed,  
While thoughts of the future to me she conveyed.  
She then kissed me fondly as earth's mothers do  
And placed on my shoulders her mantle of blue.*

*Awakened by carols the gay cardinal sings,  
I found that the night had flown on soft wings  
And dawn with her heralds and opening flowers  
Was filling with perfume the woodland's bright bowers.  
Renewed was my strength by these virtues untold  
For God in His mercy had blessed me tenfold.*

# Lovers of Nature Among The Saints

IRENE KEHOE,

*Fourth Academic.*

NATURE is the lovely book of God. Every page of it is full of mystical harmony and symbolic beauty. Every man of God who beholds the life about him can not but see in each blade of the grass, in each flower of the field, a reflection of the omnipotence and beauty of God. True it is that all Nature has stamped herself with some species of interior grandeur, with some symbol of something nobler and higher.

To the saints, nature mirrored God most perfectly. At times filled with rapture at its beauty, they exclaimed: "When I behold the heavens, how insignificant to me seem all the things of earth." For all the saints, as for the royal David, the heavens were telling the glory of God. In truth, the harmonies of Nature were as so many steps by means of which they raised and united themselves to God.

Perhaps the most illustrious lover of all created things of Nature was the great St. Francis of Assisi. He looked upon the world ever, as the handiwork of God; and because of that he had a heart on fire with intense love and admiration for all God's creatures. To him all nature abounded in life, was full of the knowledge and grandeur of God, and was the object of his love and veneration. Resolutely conscious of God's presence, Francis created an earthly Paradise in which all living beings mirrored in some way the true Ethereal Light. We may say of him that he remained like an inspired musician, summing up in his heart all the sublime harmonies to offer them up in burning adoration to Him, who is above all, the source and essence of all harmony and beauty. The birds, fishes, trees and flowers, all were his brothers and sisters.

A beautiful incident is told of this remarkable saint. One day while he was preaching near the city of Bivagno, he saw on some trees by the wayside, a great multitude of birds. Filled with admira-

tion, he said to his companions, "Wait for me here, whilst I go and preach to my little sisters, the birds." As he spoke to them, they listened attentively, not flying away until he had given them his blessing. St. Francis, greatly charmed with their attention and familiarity, devoutly preached the word of God to them: "My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing His praises at all times; because he has given you liberty; he has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst; and trees in which to build your nests." His parting word to his little sisters was, "Be-ware of the sin of ingratitude and study always to praise the great God, your Creator." At these words, the birds began to stretch their necks, and bow their heads, endeavoring in every manner to make their joy manifest. St. Francis' intense fondness for birds and flowers resulted from the divine love which permeated his heart, causing everything to appear lovable to him, which could tend to the love and service of God. According to St. Bonaventure, St. Francis considered all that had being as emanating from the bosom of the Divinity.

St. Francis used Nature and nature's creatures to further his mission on earth. To impress upon the citizens of earth the punishment for sin, to preach Christ, in order to save Gubio, he made use of the incident of the renowned wolf of Gubio; proving to us the dread we ought to have of the jaws of hell, if the jaws of so small an animal as a wolf could make a whole city tremble. St. Francis' parting words were, "How much greater and more dangerous are the flames of hell, which last forever than the rage of the wolf, which can only kill the body."

The results of his teaching were twofold. He caused a divine tenderness to permeate men's souls, a tenderness conceivable only to those who appreciate

the true beauty and holiness of all God's creatures. He bestowed upon man, a new life—closer union with God through the medium of the beauties of the visible world. By frequently speaking of his "brother" the wind and his "sister" the rain, St. Francis opened the eyes of his audience to the beauties of the things of God, and raised their hearts to Him. He brought them to a vivid realization of His goodness and mercy and of His will that all men be saved.

To him the lamb represented meekness—in memory of the meek Lamb, who permitted himself to be led to death for our Redemption. The doves symbolized purity and he would endeavor in every way to protect them as his "chaste" friends. The grace of the wild flowers all spoke to him of that mystical flower, the Lily, which sprang from the Immaculate Virgin. In truth, St. Francis saw in all flowers and birds a distinct reflection of God's inimitable virtues, mirroring His inestimable beauty.

Other saints who were lovers of nature, in an especial manner were St. John the Evangelist and St. Anthony. The thought that was foremost in the mind of St. John the Evangelist was that of affection and gentleness for all God's creatures. Indeed, he has been classed as the first Christian protector of God's inferior creatures.

A striking incident is told of his remarkable admiration for a wounded partridge. Returning one day from an apostolical journey, St. John encountered on his way, a wounded partridge. The poor little bird, half-dead with cold seemed to implore the Apostle's pity. St. John touched with compassion, gently

took up the maimed bird and carried it home, where he fed it and dressed its wounds. The partridge made manifest his affection for its kind preserver. In like manner, St. John the Evangelist showed his fond admiration for all other animals.

St. Anthony, the chosen disciple and companion of St. Francis, was also a fond admirer of Nature, as is clearly portrayed in his remarkable sermon to the fishes. On one occasion, St. Anthony was near Rimini, where there were a great number of heretics; and wishing to lead them to the true faith, preached to them for several days, but they being obstinate and hardened, refused to listen. At last St. Anthony, being inspired by God, went down to the sea-shore and began to speak to the attentive multitude of fishes all ranged in perfect order along the bank. He solemnly preached the Word of God to them, endeavoring in every way to prove to them the praise and veneration which is due their Creator. At these words, the fish began to bow their heads, endeavoring to express their reverence and show forth their praise. St. Anthony, rejoicing, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Blessed be Eternal God; for the fish of the sea honour him more than man, and animals without faith listen to His word with greater attention and admiration than sinful heretics."

For all the Saints, nature was exceedingly simple. To them God was all, and in all they saw mirrored their God, finding

"Tongues in echoing trees,

Books in running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

## "Easter Morn"

KATHRYN FEENEY,  
Third Academic.

*The silence of that tomb, cold, bare,  
Appalled repentant Magdalene there,  
Though sad, her face with love alight,  
She cries to Heaven in her plight,  
"Gone, Christ, divine."*

*Bereft, she wanders, all alone,  
And sobbingly her sins atone.  
When Lo! Who's this from all apart!  
A cry breaks from her joyous heart,  
"Rabboni Mine."*

## To a Violet

MARY PURMAN,  
Fourth Academic.

*You modest, timid, tiny flower,  
Why hide your loveliness?  
Why not come out from your small bower  
To show us your blue dress?*

*Oh, now I know why you are shy,  
More shy than any other,  
It is because you symbolize  
Our Modest Blessed Mother!*

## The Lily and the Morning Glory

MARYROSE BUTLER,  
Fourth Academic.

*I wander through my garden, wondrous fair;  
The work of Mighty Hands lies hidden there.  
Flowers, rainbow-like, adorn the scene:  
Gay holly-hocks of every lovely hue,  
Celestial violets lured in morning's dew,  
The stately lilies robed in silver sheen.*

*I see the lilies, all in luminous array  
Whose splendor seems like Life's young way;  
But their whiteness grows all sudden dim  
Because mine eyes are lured from them to see  
The merry morning glory in riotous glee  
Go rambling o'er the fences' picket rim.*

*I pluck a glory, ablaze in gaudy dress;  
But lo! it withers, as if to shun caress  
And steals its vivid brightness from my heart.  
"How like Life's joys you are, poor withered thing  
That promise happiness, yet never bring;  
Though filled with promise, lily thoughts depart."*

*I stand now at the entrance of Life's way  
Bewildered at the morning glories, gay.  
I pray Thee, Lord, that lily purity,  
Which symbolizes Mary and our King  
May be the flaming torch that soon will bring  
Me home to Thee for all Eternity.*

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## The Social Value of Truthfulness

HELEN SMIDT,  
Fourth Academic.

ONE OF the most precious gifts that God has bestowed upon His creatures is speech. By it, man is enabled to sing the praises of his Creator, and to hold intercourse with his fellow-men. According to St. Augustine, "Speech has been given to man to make use of, not for the purpose of deceiving others, but to communicate thoughts." The end, then, that God had in view in giving this good gift was the communication of facts in conformity with the thoughts man has in mind. Truthfulness, as defined, is fidelity, constancy, conformity to fact or reality, sincerity

and righteousness; whereas lying is a statement at variance with the mind.

From what has been said of the purpose of speech, it is not difficult to conclude that lying is wrong in itself, that is, it is intrinsically wrong, since it frustrates the end for which speech was given us. St. Augustine goes on to say, "It is a sin, therefore, to contravene the purpose of this institution by using speech in order to deceive others." It is an abuse of a gift of God, and an insult to Him.

Lying also violates our duties to God, who is truth itself. "I am the way, the truth and the life," Christ said. His na-

ture demands truthfulness since He is infinitely perfect and truthfulness is a perfection. God will not suffer His nature to be violated.

He has shown us how He detests a liar by the punishment He inflicted upon Ananias and Saphira. Peter and John preached in the temple so eloquently that the faithful sold all they had and brought the proceeds to the disciples to be distributed among the poor. A certain man named Ananias and his wife Saphira sold a piece of land and brought a portion of the money to the Apostles declaring that they had given the whole price, yet they concealed a part for themselves. Peter, seeing what was in their hearts, rebuked them and said, "Thou hast not lied to men, but to God." As a consequence, both of them were struck dead. Their punishment gave proof that "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Lying is wrong not only because it is a misuse of speech, but also because of its harmful effects on society. As has been said, it is by means of speech that God wishes man to be formed into society and to exercise those mutual relations essential to the welfare of both the individual and society. Yet all this can be observed only when mutual confidence exists between man and his fellowmen which presupposes that each speaks the truth, and is in turn believed by the other.

Because of the fact that it is natural for a man to live in society, it follows that each one owes to another the truthfulness, fidelity, and sincerity, without which human society could not be preserved. St. Thomas says, "Men could not dwell together reciprocally related unless they mutually trusted one another as commonly declaring to each other the truth." Consider how important is the making of contracts, in the every day life of each of us. The great majority of business is carried on by means of agreements between two parties. If mutual faith were not the basis of contracts, then agreements to sell, and promises to pay would be mere verbiage. Business men would adopt the maxims of false prophets, declaring that the dishonesty of others afforded justification for their lies.

Lying may also cause real mischief in society. This is illustrated in the Old Testament by the falsehood of spies who went to view the Promised Land. By their untrue reports they deceived the Israelites and alarmed them so much that they blasphemed God, and wanted to stone the true spies, Josue and Caleb, who spoke the truth. Lying is harmful to society in another way. It produces cowardice; no society can grow strong, and prosper, if this poisonous vice courses through its veins.

Because of the intrinsic wrong that is in lying, and because of its pernicious effects on society, the liar is condemned by his fellowmen. No man cares to have a coward or a liar for a friend, who is like a counterfeit coin appearing to be what he is not. The esteem in which truth telling is held, is manifest from the following example of St. John Cantius and the Robbers, which portrays the perfect truthfulness of the Saint. The Saint, during one of his walks, was commanded to deliver up to the robbers all the money that he owned. He immediately gave them all that he had in his pockets and said that it was his all. He then left them, and going a short distance discovered the forgotten coins in the hem of his garments; removing them he hurried after the robbers and gave the money to them.

Regard for truth telling is illustrated, too, by an incident in the life of Caesar Augustus. On one occasion, at a triumphal entry into Rome, he heard that among the captives there was a heathen priest who had never been guilty of telling a lie. Immediately the Emperor ordered his release.

Truthfulness is of inestimable value to society. Happy indeed the country which boasts that its foundation rests upon righteousness and sincerity! Perhaps no more contented people have ever been portrayed than the French Acadians, of whom our American poet has written,

"Neither locks had they to their doors,  
nor bars to their windows,  
But their dwellings were open as day,  
and the hearts of the owners."

There must be, then, truthfulness for

truth's sake. Because it is in conformity with God's nature and fulfils the end which God had in view in instituting speech; there must be truth because it is necessary for the very existence of society. Bishop Spalding says, "Knowledge cannot be evil. If earth were a hell, and life a curse, and the universe

but a cinder; it would still be good to know the truth."

When truthfulness exists in a home and a nation, peace, harmony, sincerity, and happiness are there with it. There we find the real value of the proverb, "He who walketh sincerely, walketh confidently."

## Fortitude of the Child Martyrs

THELMA M. HOENY,  
*Fourth Academic.*

IN EVERY age and from every station in life, Christ has recruited soldiers to follow His blood-stained Way of the cross. Of the sixteen million martyrs whom the church honors, none are so full of pathetic grandeur, so appealing to human interest, as the Child Martyrs.

In the Old Testament we find a foreshadowing of the Child Martyr in the person of Isaac, whom Abraham, his father, brought to the altar of sacrifice to be immolated to the Lord in obedience to God's command. It is not only the ready obedience of Abraham to sacrifice the son of his heart, that calls forth our admiration, but also the courage of the boy Isaac, in carrying the wood of the sacrificial fire upon his shoulders, and then allowing himself to be placed on the altar of oblation without complaint. The Three Children, bound and cast into the fiery furnace at the command of the wicked king, because they refused to betray their God and offer sacrifice to false deities, is another beautiful prefigurement of the fortitude of the Child Martyrs of the Christian era.

Fortitude is a gift of the Holy Ghost which enables one to bear courageously whatever is necessary in order to do the Will of God. The Child Martyrs, strengthened by this gift, followed our Lord, who gave the perfect example of fortitude in His Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and in His three hours suffering on the Cross. It is not to be wondered at that God called so many children to Himself by the royal road of mar-

tyrdom. They were the clean of heart and He fulfilled, before sin sullied their souls, His promise "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

The first martyrs for Christ and His glory, were the Holy Innocents ordered to death by the wicked king Herod in the hope that he had thus put out of the way the child already called King of the Jews. Among the many children who during the persecution of the Christians faced unhesitatingly inhuman cruelty and horrible torture, are Agnes, Tarcisius, Pancratius, Eulalia, and Barbara.

St. Agnes of Rome, was a beautiful patrician maid brought to trial at the tender age of twelve, through the spite of a rejected suitor. When she refused to abjure Christ, she was subjected to innumerable tortures. When the soldiers placed chains on her wrists, they fell to the ground as they were too large. Agnes smiling, said, "I do not need your prison bracelets to lead me to Jesus. I will go with you gladly for His sake." Finally, condemned to decapitation, she went forth to meet her heavenly Spouse.

St. Tarcisius, an acolyte, was commissioned to be the happy bearer of his Sacramental Lord, to the sick. On his joyous errand he was stopped by some unruly boys who were curious to see what he was guarding so jealously beneath the folds of his tunic. Tarcisius, zealous for the honor of the Sacred Gift of God confided to his care, refused to betray his charge, and was beaten mercilessly by his murderers until he fell

senseless at their feet. When they tore open his waist to grasp the treasure, the Sacred Host had disappeared. When the faithful little soldier could no longer fight, the King transported him into His heavenly army of martyrs.

A noble son of a brave Christian father and mother, St. Pancratius, eager to do some little service for God, in the person of his persecuted Christian friends, offered himself to help those who were condemned to work in the stone quarries. One day, on his errand of mercy he was apprehended and brought before the Roman governor and condemned to death on the ground of being a Christian. In the presence of a great crowd of people gathered together in the arena to watch the agony of the Christians thrown to the lions, this brave boy went to meet the devouring beasts without fear, and died crowned with the rubies of his own blood—the jewels of martyrdom.

Another Christian maiden, imbued, even at an early age with the gift of wisdom, was Eulalia. Eager for the martyr's crown, she stole away from her home to the palace of the governor of Merida, reproached him for his cruelty to the Christians and offered herself as a victim in their stead. Her sacrifice was accepted; a pyre was built upon which the youthful maiden was thrown and the fires kindled; but the heat of God's love in her heart was warmer than the fiery tongues that leaped about her. She, too, entered into the heavenly courts, bearing the palm of martyrdom.

Egypt, the land of idolatry, gave children martyrs to Christ. In an old city called Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, so named because of the magnificent temple therein dedicated to the worship of the Sun, lived Barbara the daughter of Dioscorus, celebrated for his learning. In an atmosphere of intellectual power, Barbara grew up well taught from her earliest years. One of the high towers of her father's castle was fitted up for Barbara's use. There she studied the arts and sciences, philosophy and poetry; but the soul of the cultured girl was not satisfied. Everything she read told her that there must be a Supreme Being, Cre-

ator of all things, but nowhere was the Creator revealed. When she looked forth from her high tower at early morning, she could see the sun rising over the temple on the east; and again at evening she saw the same burning sun setting behind the hill toward the west. "The one who created that sun must be greater than the sun itself," Barbara would say to herself as she watched the last rays disappear behind the low hills on the horizon. "Why, then, do we worship the sun, instead of Him who created it?" And from that time she directed her worship towards the Creator of all things. God, who is not outdone in generosity, sent to this child of groping faith, one who taught her the knowledge of His Divinity. And when her father, enraged on hearing that she was a Christian, delivered her up without mercy to the tribunal of the pagan governor, Barbara bore the trials, torments and finally decapitation with undaunted courage.

The East, too, contributed to the blood-stained army of Christ soldiers of Jesus Christ, who resemble the diamonds that no stone can break. Anthony, an altar boy in Japan, was nailed on the Cross that he loved so well, and was soon called home by the dear King for whom he died.

From the lips of the Savior came the words: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for Justice sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Surely this promise fortified these favored children of a heavenly kingdom and gave them courage to rush into the jaws of death,—the door that opened to them the gates of Paradise, making them intercessors before the great Throne, for those who still fight the good fight in the hope of possessing the crown of victory.

The glorious band of Child Martyrs honored by the Church, has proved that their youth was not a stumbling block to their faith; and their fortitude in undergoing torture and death with gay festive intrepidity, pouring out their blood to further God's Kingdom on earth, fulfills the words of the Psalmist: "Out of the mouths of infants, Thou hast perfected praise."

# The Mission of Santa Barbara

MARY RYAN,  
*Fourth Academic,*

ONE OF the most romantic stories in the record of human history, is that of the conception, origin and the rise of the Franciscan Missions of California. The result of the great adventure was the rescue of the Indians from heathenism and their elevation into the light of civilization and of Christianity. The story is all the more interesting because these Indians of California were just a trifle above the most inferior physical beings and were mentally slothful when they were first found by the Franciscan Fathers, in the year 1769.

These missionaries brought forth, civilized men and women. They taught them to read and write, to play upon musical instruments, to paint pictures, to carve in wood and to till the soil, accomplishing all this in a single generation.

Some of the particularly interesting missions that were established in California, by the Franciscan Missionaries are San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, Santa Clara, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara; of these the best preserved, most interesting and most picturesque is the Mission of Santa Barbara.

The translation of the quaint narrative account of the establishment of Santa Barbara which was written and signed by Father Junipero Serra himself reveals the spirit in which the establishment of the mission was undertaken: "Having arranged all necessary preliminaries in a chapel made of brush and decorated as best the circumstances permitted (I) took blessed water, and with it dedicated the land to God, our Lord. We then raised a large and high cross which we venerated and I thereupon celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, for the first time in these lands, and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. May it be for the glory of God, the propagation of the faith, and the welfare of souls."

Father Junipero Serra had at this time an urgent desire to lay the foundation for the Mission of Santa Barbara, but a slight opposition arose between Father

Junipero Serra and Governor Neve, concerning the controlling and governing of the Indians, and the founder never had the happiness of seeing his plan materialize.

After the death of Father Serra, Father Francisco Palou was appointed to temporarily fill his place and in 1875, Father Serra's greatest hope became a reality. Father Fermín who was now Father President commenced the actual founding of the Mission of Santa Barbara on December the fourth, Saint Barbara's day, because Father Serra had a particular devotion to this virgin Saint and Martyr.

The Franciscan fathers had a great deal of experience in establishing Missions near the Presidios and they knew that the results were not favorable because the Indians followed the example of the soldiers, not worthy of imitation. So the site for the Mission was located about a mile northwest of the Presidio, where there was an abundant water supply from Mission Creek. Here the Mission was formally dedicated on December the fourth, 1786.

The Mission was founded, but no buildings were erected or even undertaken until the spring of 1787, and then a tiny house was built for the missionaries. Soon they constructed small adobe dwellings, with walls about three feet thick and straw roofs. At the end of the first year after its foundation there were one hundred and eighty-five Indians gathered at the Mission.

At the close of the year 1807 there were 252 separate adobe buildings comprising the little Indian village, just southwest of the main building. In 1808 they built a large fountain in front of the main building, which furnished water for the great basin below, used by the Indians for general laundry purposes. This water which is led from the reservoir through earthen pipes, still furnishes the water for Santa Barbara.

When the Fathers first went among the

Indians, they aroused only a curious interest, but it was not long until they saw the gentle spirit of the Missionaries and knew that they were their friends. By degrees the Fathers attained their noble purpose: the conversion and enlightenment of the Indians.

Up to the year 1821 to 1846 there was a continual conflict between the soldiers and Indians, but in 1846 at the close of the Mexican War, Santa Barbara very peacefully passed under the jurisdiction of the United States.

Everything went on very smoothly until Father Romo came to Santa Barbara in January, 1872, urging the annexation of the Mission to another house of the order, on the ground that its isolation was a drawback to its progress. On May 5, 1885, he secured advice from the General of the Order to annex it to the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with headquarters at St. Louis.

This change was indeed of great advantage to the Mission. The Fathers commenced to labor with a greater zeal, consequently new buildings were erected. In 1896 a school, St. Anthony's College, was established at the Mission for the education of young men for the priesthood. The Mission is now the mother-house of the recently founded Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara of the Pacific coast, which includes the states of California, Arizona, Washington and Oregon.

During the year 1916, 27,545 visitors came to the Santa Barbara Mission. I will attempt to take you through the Mission as I saw it last summer. The Mission consists of the Church, monastery, and house for study and work, the Cemetery and two most beautiful Gardens. The architectural style of the buildings is known today as the "Mission" style.

The Church is constructed entirely of sandstone and is covered with a roofing of tiles made by the Indians in the early Mission days. A distinctive feature of the Mission is the double towers which are thirty feet in height and are made of a solid mass of stone and cement twenty feet square. There is a narrow winding stairway up through the left tower which leads to the belfry.

The interior of the church is most im-

pressive. The main altar carved out of wood is very beautiful. There are large wood carvings and designs of original Indian work cut from cedar, on the ceiling. Besides the main altar there are two side altars and two chapels. The chapels are near the entrance and are made in the solid walls of double thickness. The one on the right is dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, and over it hangs a very old painting representing Hell. The chapel on the left is dedicated to St. Francis, over which chapel is another old painting representing Purgatory. The Stations of the Cross are oil paintings that were brought from Spain in 1793. The other large paintings are "The Crucifixion," "The Last Judgment" and a life size picture of Jesus.

From the belfry one can obtain a beautiful view of the Garden which is reserved for the private use of the Fathers. The east Garden is one mass of flowers; roses, geraniums, violets, pansies, rare plants and trees, and is the burying ground of over 4,000 Indians. In the center of the Garden is a large Crucifix, in a neatly trimmed niche of Cypress trees.

In the cloisters, adjoining the Church, the Library is located. Here, one finds herself gazing with wonder at the valuable collection of old curios from different Missions which have been abandoned. There are the old Spanish manuscripts, which are the records of the Missions; the unusually fine set of surveyor's instruments and a valuable telescope, the gifts from Emperor Maximilian to Father Romo.

Next to the Library is the room which contains many precious curios. One glass case holds three huge parchment volumes of the offices as recited by the Missionaries, the Maniple, Stole and Burse which belonged to Father Serra himself, and two old vases made from Mexican clay and old statues fashioned by the Indians. The next case contains an interesting relic—several old volumes of ancient music as sung by the Indians. Huge chests are filled with gorgeous robes and vestments, many of them of the richest brocade.

Every part of Santa Barbara is a memorial to the self-sacrificing zeal of the

Franciscan Missionaries, who came into a wilderness and made of it a thriving Mission; who worked among savage tribes and elevated them to civilization

and Christianity. Such indefatigable zeal were incomprehensible, in any men other than Missionaries who become "all things to all men for Christ's sake."

## The Historical Background of Catholicity During Queen Elizabeth's Reign

GENEVIEVE LOESCH,

*Fourth Academic.*

IN THE novels "By What Authority," "King's Achievement," "The Queen's Tragedy," Monsignor Benson vividly and accurately portrays the conditions in England during the reign of the Tudors; Henry VIII, Mary and Elizabeth. "By What Authority," a love story and the best of the three, gives an account of the persecutions of the Catholics during Queen Elizabeth's reign.

The important characters of the narrative are the Maxwell and Norris families. Mr. Maxwell is a loyal, stubborn Catholic, who is forced to pay heavy fines annually for practicing his religion. His wife is equally as true to the old faith as her husband. Their two sons, James and Hubert, vary in character; James is a serious and mysterious person, while Hubert is worldly and attached to sports....

The Norris family is an interesting household. Mr. Norris, a very strict Puritan, has instructed his two children, Isabel and Anthony, thoroughly in religious principles of Puritanism. Isabel is a remarkable girl of eighteen, lovable for her innocence. She believes strongly as her father does, while her brother, who is several years younger, thinks more of his birds and ponies than of religion.

Isabel and Hubert cultivate a great affection for each other. Hubert asks Isabel to become his wife, but owing to the difference in their religion, she requests him to wait for her answer. He then leaves against his father's wishes and joins Sir Francis Drake, who is one of the Queen's cruel persecutors of Catholicity. Isabel is now continually with the Maxwells, who willingly explain to her everything, which she asks them, in regard to the Catholic religion. They do not force these explanations on her nor do they discuss this matter before her unless she desires it.

When Anthony has completed his education at King's College, Cambridge, he leads an aimless life for several years, then accepts a position in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he meets with the most learned and eminent Catholic priests. He is impressed by their instructions and influenced by their heroic examples.

In the meantime, Hubert returns as a full pledged Protestant. He immediately requests his answer from Isabel, but she refuses to marry him, because he is an apostate.

James Maxwell enters the priesthood. He is seized and racked several times, but through Anthony and one of the Queen's favorite ladies, a Catholic, he is released. He returns to his home where he remains until he is able to travel about. On his last day he says Mass, at which Isabel is present. During this holy function she fully makes her decision to enter the Church.

It is a week before Easter when Anthony Norris resigns his position as Gentleman of the Horses, and goes into retreat. He is convinced that the Catholic religion is the only true faith. After retreat, he returns home, where he and his sister were baptized on the eve of Holy Saturday. On Easter morning, they make their First Holy Communion. Anthony becomes a priest, and he travels through England, doing good work for the Church and for the honor and glory of God. Isabel accompanies him everywhere which aids to disguise his mission, but alas he is identified. The queen endeavors to force him to cease saying Mass, but Christ-like, he boldly refuses. This angers her. She calls him an insolent dog; the most ungrateful hound that has ever breathed. She orders him to be dragged to the tower where he is

racked and brutally tortured. He dies happily with our Lord's name upon his lips, while Isabel, who, indeed, has been a soul on the rack, consecrated her life to God.

This novel depicts Queen Elizabeth as a firm despotic Protestant. She everlastingly threatened and prescribed the most excruciating punishment to all those who pronounced the Pope's authority. All Catholic Bishops were deposed of their offices and the men who were placed in these ecclesiastical positions were of a tyrannical type, and aided her to destroy Catholicity and to picture it to the public as absurd and superstitious. Freedom and religious toleration were unknown to Catholics.

In England at this time the country was covered with spies. They were concealed in inns, in servant quarters, lounging at crossroads and on village green. Their duty was to seize priests who were hunted down like wolves, whose names were despised and hated by most of their countrymen. "The shadow of the gallows was always before them, together with the reek of the hangman's cauldron continually in their nostrils." The prisons were overflowing with these brave fearless Catholics, who willingly perished on the rack. Those who professed the Faith were banished likewise. Those who refused to attend the Church

of England were punished by fines, imprisonments and bodily chastisements. A few years previous to this time, there had been a solemn burning of churches, monasteries, popish images and vestments. Communion tables were cast out and bibles torn in shreds. Copes and altar linens were saved and made into dresses for ministers' wives or made into bed quilts. Thus chapels were secretly constructed in private homes. In the Maxwell home, the room that contained the altar appeared to be a lobby. The only piece of furniture in this room was an old chest about as high as a table. In opening this chest, one would find only a few wearing apparels, but on pressing a button, a door opened, leading to an entrance, large enough to accommodate several people. This was the chapel. The altar-stone, vestments and sacred vessels for divine worship were kept in this room. In case of necessity a hall leading to the roof, enabled priests to escape.

Isabel and Anthony are typical of the young men and women who were cruelly persecuted during Queen Elizabeth's time. They had within themselves, the source of their courage, the cardinal virtue of fortitude, by which means they gave evidence to the world of Christ's promise, "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

## John Ayscough in "French Windows"

ALICE VANDERKARR,

*Fourth Academic.*

**A**MONG the numerous books concerning the late war, the most unique one is "French Windows" by John Ayscough. The author, one of the best modern English novelists, was a chaplain in the British army where he experienced not only the harrowing nightmare of all the horrors of war, but also the suffering and the sorrow of lonely discouraged soldiers. Unlike other war books which frequently confine themselves to an enumeration of the cruelties of war, the author, represented as the Ancient, shows the need of the human heart for God.

The author explains the title in these few words: "Each glimpse is a different window opened into that splendid and gracious thing—the heart of the French people, and giving each of them a different glimpse of character, surrounding, calling and locality—for there are rich and poor, educated and uneducated—every type imaginable."

"French Windows" is remarkable for its exceptionally fine literary descriptions and portraits, especially for the character of the Ancient which the author unconsciously reveals. His pictures of peasants, of their homely life, and of the

change wrought by the coming of enemy are deftly painted in a word or two: "Frugal toilsome people, brown-gold harvest fields, stone built villages, silent moving men, endless lines of troops and transports, and crowded hospitals." These glimpses make one very reverent, very humble, and fill one with love and veneration for the heart of the French people.

Through the numerous successive pictures now and then a description stands out so vividly that we are arrested by its grim horror or by its stern reality. One may easily picture the enemy at the gate after reading: "At the big, busy, frontier-town war became fully visible: iron-shuttered houses; a silence of manufactures that for forty-four years had known no holiday; a frugal, toilsome people all turned idle, in a clutch of suspense, into the streets; endless lines of troops and transports, and munitions of war; no trace of peace any longer visible anywhere and it all spelled the words that no one dared speak: 'The enemy at the gate.'"

But it is not from these descriptions of the throttling horrors of war that we get the golden quality of the character of the Ancient, but through his intimate association and conversation with the soldiers. The Ancient can best be visualized as he appeared to Jacques, one of his companions: "A hurrying old figure round-shouldered and white hair (over-due for cutting) clothed not in uniform, but in a black suit, grey with dust and shabby after many a march. Jacques said to himself as the homely ruddy face turned to bid farewell—"An ugly body that—unless there was something in it that one cannot see I would not have talked all this while to it." A character simple, lovable, and Christ-like was the Ancient. So tender-hearted was he that he could never hear the soldiers' voices lifted in the "Marseillaise" and dare to let his face be seen; so child-like that his lips would round themselves to whistle when the men were whistling "Tipperary;" so unassuming that he says: "But do not say 'My Colonel'—I am not that: our soldiers call me 'Father;' so lovable, that a soldier who had wanted to kill him said: 'At the first sound of your voice I knew you loved me.'"

His likeness to Christ was evidenced most strikingly in his literal fulfillment of his master's command: "Love your enemies." To the enemy who bewailed dying among the enemy he whispered: "Do not say that I hate and curse you—I love you my poor, poor son. I love everyone." To a French lady, who decorated the French graves but neglected the German graves he said: "My dear lady you must remember that in the graves there are no enemies."

Truly was the Ancient a man of faith. His one desire in all his labors and hardships was to preach Christ and to inspire his comrades with the same faith and love which filled his heart.

We may say of the Ancient that he was literally in love with Christ, for on one occasion, when asked by a lonely soldier what made him so happy he said: "I am in love—I have been in love all my life and we are never away; always together."

"Is it a man you love?" whispered the lad.

"Yes, it is a Man—and between us there are no quarrels, or rather none of His making. Mine have been the ladder of our intimacy."

"Is it the Great Master that you love?", spoke the youth—"but I have never talked with Him."

"That is not His fault—it is a terrible thing to deserve love and not get it. That is His story," said the Ancient.

"But tell me—why do you love Him so?"

"Because He has forgiven so much. Do you know—it is a wonderful thing this Catholic Church of ours—that makes even her children who try not to be good, so good in spite of themselves?"

Here, in his delicate tact the Ancient had, without the disadvantages or the ceremonies of a sermon, preached on the intimate love and mercy of God. Here, too, we have epitomized the secrets and sacrifices of the Ancient. Because of his lively faith the Ancient was sacrificingly devoted to his companions. Real happiness came to him from the charitable acts which he was able to perform for the soldiers, especially for the wounded and dying, both in the hospitals and on the battlefields. When setting out from his own hospital the Ancient always had an

uneasy sense that he ought not to go at all, and at each of the others, felt that he ought to stay there and not go back at all. He delighted in giving little tokens of remembrance to those with whom he spent so many tedious hours in the hospitals. Medals, crosses, and little carved images were his gifts, and he sacrificed many of his own comforts to obtain these little articles for which the men

craved. The Ancient's faith in these little images was so manifest that the soldiers cherished them with the firm belief that they would strengthen and even protect them in their many trials.

"French Windows" will live, not only because of its literary value, but also because it reveals to us the Ancient, the man of God, who is greater than his book.

## Letters of Joyce Kilmer

VERONICA DE LA HOUSSAYE,

*Fourth Academic.*

IF ADMIRATION would lead one to look deeper into the life and character of Joyce Kilmer, a most satisfactory result would be obtained from his intimate letters—letters that are remarkable for their noble, aspiring thoughts, and alive with the vivacity and charm of their youthful author.

Joyce Kilmer's literary career began with the publication of his excellent interpretive criticisms, his exceedingly interesting book reviews and the infrequent publication of his verse. It was during soul-trying months upon the battlefields of France, when his budding genius became full blown, that he gave to the world his best poetry and many of his noteworthy letters.

Perhaps the most salient revelation in these personal letters, is that of the deep spirituality of Joyce Kilmer, the convert. We clearly see that he was one who loved and valued his religion above all things. So eager and resolute were his acknowledgments of it that both Catholic and Non-Catholic must admire him for his inexorable convictions. Of himself he wrote "I have believed in the Catholic position, the Catholic view of ethics and aesthetics for a long time." After his conversion he sincerely wrote to his friend, Father Daly, "My wife and I are very comfortable now that we are Catholic" and again, "We can honestly say that we have never been so happy before." His piety was childlike, his faith was solid. It was clear to him that prayer alone would light the way to Salvation: "There are many ways to heaven but only one lamp."

He was delighted to hear of Kenton's confirmation and of his new patron, Saint Stephen, who, he said, "is a gallant gentleman and a true friend and does wonderful things for me." Joyce Kilmer had many friends among the Saints. He wrote familiarly of Saint Michael, Saint Patrick, Saint Columkill, Saint Bridget and Saint Nicholas. His visualization of Eternity was that of the poet and at the same time of one with a whole hearted belief in the Catholic faith. In one of his last letters to Father Garesché he said, "Pray for me, dear Father that I may love God more and that I may be unceasingly conscious of Him, that is the greatest desire I have."

To be ignorant of Joyce Kilmer, the poet, is not to appreciate him as the Catholic. His was the true greatness of the poet of faith who said of other Catholic writers "I think that the Faith should illuminate everything they write, grave or gay." Speaking of the dedication of his own poems he truly said "I can honestly offer 'Trees' and 'Main Street' to Our Lady and ask her to present them as the faithful work of her poor craftsman to her Son. I hope to be able to do it with everything I write hereafter—and to do this is to be a good poet." In his letters are revealed the ideals of one who looked to noble heights and admired only the best and highest in life, ever seeking it. From France he wrote "I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words and I find it more satisfactory." Of his earlier poems he wrote the following: "They

were only the exercises of an amateur, useful only as a technical training. If what I nowadays write is considered poetry then I became a poet, November, the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen." Mr. Kilmer had in mind the time when he embraced the Catholic faith.

Not only the Catholic poet, but also the Catholic father is intimately revealed to us through his letters. The tender words from a fond and anxious parent to his children were full of understanding. He was ever anxious about their welfare and advancement, not only from a material standpoint but from a spiritual one as well. He asked for their prayers and desired that Kenton might have "the grace of a vocation to the priesthood." To his wife and children in his unpretentious way he wrote "Pray for a vagrant versemaker who is trying to be a soldier" and, as such, he proved himself to be one of America's fairest examples of manhood.

A young poet with such a high heart, clean life and love for generous action, needs only the opportunity to distinguish himself. This opportunity came with the

World War. Joyce Kilmer eagerly enlisted in the year nineteen hundred and seventeen. The following he wrote from France, "Nice country, nice war, I wouldn't be back in the United States having meatless, wheatless, boozeless, smokeless days for anything. I am a Sergeant now. I spend my time working at Regimental headquarters while we are in reserve. I am an Observer in the Regimental Intelligence Section, very amusing work." The delightfully optimistic strain of his letters gives us a pleasant conception of army life. This poet soldier so energetic, firm and courageous wrote, "It's you that are doing the suffering, you with no exhilaration of starshells and tattoo of machine-guns, you without adventure."

As we have seen, it is through the letters of Joyce Kilmer that we are able to feel more closely the attraction and charm of the Catholic convert, the poet, the father and soldier. Only God can know the greatness of his genius and the spiritual beauty of that life which was undoubtedly the most beautiful poem Joyce Kilmer ever made.

## The Witch Scene in Macbeth

GENEVIEVE SMITH,

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THE KEYNOTE of the drama "Macbeth" is sounded by the entrance of the witches. The first scene of eleven lines is peculiarly appropriate for the introduction. It is laid in a desert place, for witches avoid the haunts of men; the weather is disagreeable, a thunder storm is raging accompanied by lightning and a dense fog which marks the presence of diabolism. This heightens the preternatural element and makes the story weirdly mysterious from the first. The superstition is continued throughout the play by the work of the three weird sisters.

The witches are goddesses of Destiny that harm the soul rather than the body. They resemble old women except that they have long beards. They can take human shapes but they are without human intelligence. Without birth or death, they have neither age, sex nor kin;

passionless and motionless, they are the specific servants of certain great demons or principalities of the air, to whose wills they are bound and who have the power to shape the destinies of men and nations. They are a combination of all that is terrible and grotesque.

Each witch differs in power and in mission. The third sister known as Hecate has the greatest control over Macbeth's future, and declares that he will be victorious in the battle with the Norwegians. The first one cannot tell the place or time of their meetings with Macbeth. When we find them they are seemingly off duty for at the call of their masters they all answer "Anon," at the same time circling into the air and chanting a diabolic prayer.

The temptation to kill which the Sisters present to Macbeth has an immediate effect upon him, especially on his future,

over which they take complete charge. From this time on Macbeth puts complete trust in the witches.

After the sisters depart in the first scene, they do not appear again until the third. As the curtain rises it discloses to us the three sisters waiting in the path of the returning army, some minutes before the arrival of Macbeth. The purpose of this scene is to revive our impressions and prepare our imagination as to the mischief done while on their diabolic errands. The second sister has been at work in Scotland killing swine; the first has gone to some seaport town where she was rebuffed by a sailor's wife, and is now preparing for revenge.

The play thus far has been a preparation for the appearance of the Norns of Future, Past and Present who have important prophecies to reveal to Macbeth. The Norn of the Past salutes Macbeth as "Thane of Glamis," a title he lately inherited but has not yet assumed. The Norn of the Present hails him as "Thane of Cawdor," an honor that has been his just a few hours, the knowledge of which the messengers, Ross and Angus, are on their way to communicate to him. The title only recently taken from the present Thane of Cawdor, who had proved himself a traitor, has been bestowed upon him by King Duncan.

At this point Hecate, the Norn of Future, declares the prophecy that fires the ambition of Macbeth; "All hail Macbeth that shall be King hereafter." This event is highly interesting and strongly dramatic. After hearing this startling news his confidence in the witches increases, and he turns to them for help and consolation. They allure him deeper and encourage him on to the murder of Duncan, the King. This he soon accomplishes with the aid of Lady Macbeth. The three

prophecies have now been fulfilled.

The first scene of Act IV opens upon the witches; all of them are present, busy with the boiling cauldron. After Hecate leaves, the second sister remarks, "Something wicked comes this way." At this moment, Macbeth enters and makes known the reason for his presence—to seek information concerning the three prophecies, and his fate. His questions are answered even before he asks them, by apparitions rising from the boiling cauldron. The first apparition is an armed Head which speaks thus: "Macbeth, beware Macduff. Beware the Thane of Fife." The second, is a bloody child, and amidst thunder says, "Macbeth, no man of woman born shall harm thee." The third is a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. It also speaks, "Macbeth shall never be vanquished until Burnam Wood moves to Dunsinane." The apparitions then vanished and the witches after having danced to cheer Macbeth, disappear. Their purpose has been fulfilled. They have exerted their diabolic influence over Macbeth.

The interest of the play is kept up by the witches throughout the tragedy. Their prophecies are fulfilled: Macbeth becomes Thane of Glamis, of Cawdor, and King. The apparitions also are fulfilled, for Burnam Wood in the form of men carrying branches of trees before them, arrived at Dunsinane. Macbeth, when told of the wood moving, did not believe; but on seeing, realized that the third apparition was fulfilled and his life was endangered.

Shakespeare's introduction of the witches was clearly purposive for they have created and continued an atmosphere, weird, unlovely and suspicious, one all together appropriate for the dastardly deeds of the ambitious King and his wife, Lady Macbeth.

## Modern American Songs

FLORENCE GUTHRIE,

*Fourth Academic.*

IN THE last few years the productions of our American musicians, especially song writers have given evidence of their remarkable ability. Before this time we depended upon Europe for our music, consequently very few songs

which portrayed the feelings of the American people were composed. Recent efforts have shown that American musicians are as capable as the musicians in other countries. Modern American composers have expressed in their pro-

ductions all forms of vocal music, namely, Ballads; Indian, Negro and Patriotic songs; Song-Cycles; Cantatas and Operas.

Among the well known composers of ballads is Carrie Jacobs Bond who composed, among others, the familiar songs "I Love You Truly," "A Perfect Day," "Just a Wearyin' For You" and "O Haunting Memory." Her songs are loved because of their simple, direct style and sympathetic feeling, and strike a responsive chord in the heart of the hearer.

Other ballads in direct contrast to Carrie Jacobs Bond are those of Gertrude Ross, who wrote the beautiful descriptive songs, "Dawn In the Desert," "Sunset In the Desert" and "Night In the Desert." Of a similar nature is Grant-Schaefer, who composed the picturesque song, "The Eagle" in which he depicts the bird on the crags, "and like a thunderbolt, he falls." It is a musical setting to the poem by Tennyson.

Mary Turner Salter is another composer of ballads who has become famous in a very short time. Her best known songs are "The Cry of Rachael," "Sweet o' The Year" and "A Proposal." Like "A Proposal" in lyrical setting is "I Came With A Song" by Frank La Forge. This one song is enough to make him famous.

The principal composer of Indian songs is Charles Wakefield Cadman. He lived among the Indian tribes deriving from them material which has been so vividly expressed in "The Four American Indian Songs." From the Indians he caught the weird beauty of Indian music and primitive emotion; these he expressed with artistic sympathy.

In the characteristic songs of the Negro, Cecil Burleigh ranks highest. He made Art songs of Negro melodies called "Negro Spirituals." These should not be sung with an attempt to be humorous, but with the deep feelings of the race. Among them are "Deep River," "O Didn't It Rain" and an old slave song, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot". There is a golden strain that sings itself through these songs, revealing the soul of a true composer and voicing his understanding of the hopes, fears and love of his own people.

In modern songs of a patriotic nature, Fay Foster occupies a prominent place. "The Americans Come" is a story of a blind Frenchman, very effectively told. It is thrillingly patriotic and ends with

a dramatic climax on these words, "For God be praised, the Americans Come!" In this song the composer reaches her zenith and the popularity of it proves the power of Fay Foster to write a song for the great hearts of the American people.

A Song-Cycle is like a story told in chapters and has been developed very artistically by a number of song writers. Among these Harriet Ware, who wrote the cycle "A Day in Arcady" deserves special mention. It is a duet cycle for women's voices comprising "Spring Morning," "The Seas of Noon" and "Good-Night." The beauty of each is emphasized by its contrast with the other two. Cecil Fanning has sung with great success two of her other compositions which are dedicated to him, "Boat Song" and "Mammy's Song."

Edward MacDowell, although of Scotch descent, is proudly claimed as "our own matchless MacDowell." His poetic imagination reveals itself throughout his songs as well as his compositions for the piano. Among his best loved are "To a Wild Rose," the complete song-cycle "From an Old Garden" and "A Maid Sings Light" to the words by Robert Burns.

More complex in form than the Cycle but equally developed by American composers is the Cantata. Among Cantatas, "Across the Fields to Anne" by H. Clough Leighter in quartette form for women's voices is noteworthy. It is buoyant, vivacious and brilliant.

In the development of the Opera, we must return to Cadman. His Opera, "Shanewis" is one of the best any American composer has yet written. The principal Aria is "The Spring Song of The Robin Woman," for mezzo contralto. This role is sung by Sophie Braslau of the Metropolitan Opera Company, its first production being in New York in 1918.

Another composer of American Operas is Henry Hadley, who wrote "Cleopatra's Night" which was produced for the first time on January 31st of this year. It is considered by some of the most noted critics to be "the best of the ten American Operas."

An all American Song Recital was given on February 17, 1920, by Kathryn Lee, Soprano, with the composers of each song group presiding at the piano. This recital shows great versatility and masterful achievement and manifests real progress in American Song Composition.

# Poor Richard's Almanac Contrasted With The Book of Proverbs

LORETTA WHITE,  
*Fourth Academic.*

THE PROVERBS of Solomon and Benjamin Franklin possess striking similarities and distinctive differences. Inasmuch as each one's word is an index to the author, it is necessary to note the lives of these two individuals, one a man of God who placed his whole trust in his Creator; the other, a man of the world engrossed in materialistic pursuits.

The Hebrews claimed Solomon, son of David, who lived a millenium before the advent of Christ, their wisest prophet. By his remarkable judicial decisions and his completion of the political reforms of David, he gained the respect and admiration of his people. He was a man after God's own heart. Complaining to the Lord that he was but a child and did not know how to govern his people, he implored: "Give therefore to thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy people and discern between good and evil. . . . Because he neither asked for riches nor revenge he received from the Lord this reply, I have done for thee according to thy word and have given thee a wise and understanding heart." . . .

Benjamin Franklin, on the other hand, was a materialist and a good citizen in all respects; he believed in God yet did not give much thought to eternity. In his personal creed were the principles of Christian morality, hard work and helpfulness to others. He was a self-made man; by economy and effort he rose from poverty to wealth. In his almanac under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders better known as Poor Richard, he has set down aphorisms which, if followed, will lead one along a path of success and usefulness.

There is a marked contrast in the purpose which each author had in view in writing his proverbs. Solomon explicitly defined his, when he said, "To know wisdom and instruction, to understand the words of prudence, to receive instruction of doctrine, justice, judgment and equity."

Franklin, however, intended through the popularization of virtue and economy to lead men to success. "Virtue," says he, "is the best means to success," and "Honesty is the best policy." In these two maxims he did not mean these two virtues were important because they are sanctioned by heaven but because of their material value in gaining success.

Solomon's proverbs, sublime in their subject matter, were prompted by God and lead to Him. Franklin's are based on materialistic ideals leading to worldly prosperity. Solomon exhorts to virtue for virtue's sake and Poor Richard in so far as it profiteth man. In a word, Franklin looked out through the eyes of a worldly minded man, hemmed in by the bounds of the earth. With him, virtue was not an end in itself but a means to an end—success. Solomon beheld all things from the viewpoint of God giving preeminence to virtue and religion.

In comparing the proverbs it is interesting to note how prolific are the two in giving advice to the present day convent girl. Solomon urges her to the practice of virtue, "Forget not my law, let not mercy and truth leave thee." To the school girl seeking wisdom, Solomon says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and Poor Richard, "A word to the wise is enough and many words won't fill a bushel."

Each understood the inestimable value of diligent application. Benjamin Franklin urged, "God helps them that help themselves" and "Diligence is the mother of good luck," to which Solomon agrees, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? Well doth he rise early who seeketh good things." Then Poor Richard adds, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Both give advice regarding the "putting off habit" with which the school girl is often afflicted. Solomon entreats, "Say not to thy friend, go and come again tomorrow, I will give to thee then, when thou canst give at

present." Franklin simultaneously echoes, "Have you something to do to-morrow? Do it today."

The proverbs of both these authors are treatises on the art of living, yet in their manner of presentation they are quite different. Wise and weighty, indeed, are the maxims of Solomon regulating the morals of men urging them to the practice

of virtue and wisdom. Timely and practical are the aphorisms of Poor Richard. The proverbs are possessed of a very finished, elegant, scriptural style whereas those of Franklin are purely material and exhort man to have an eye to the things of earth. In so far as God is above the things of the earth, so are Solomon's proverbs above those of Franklin.

## Familiar Figures In Irving

LORETTA SHAUGHNESSY,

*Fourth Academic.*

PRIOR to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there was scant time to devote to literary effort, since all the colonists were busily engaged in providing for the necessities of life and in adapting themselves to the new mode of living in the colonies. By the nineteenth century conditions were more settled, hence more conducive to thought, and in 1820 Irving, the first great representative of the best American life and letters, published his "Sketch Book," which won immediate popularity in both America and England. Irving felt, "Almost appalled by such success and declared he had attempted no lofty theme, but had preferred to address himself in this book to the feelings and fancy of the reader rather than to his judgment."

Irving, "the Goldsmith of America," displays in nearly every page of his work the character of the man himself. His predominant characteristics of deep feeling and real humor so touched people and places as to make them live again. He charms his readers by his cheerfulness, humor, and delightful depiction of characters. His keen and accurate portraiture of human nature have made his tales so true and so real that we wonder if we have not one of his "immortals" among our acquaintance.

The "Sketch Book," probably the best known and loved of Irving's writings, consists in a series of short tales and essays which are a careful study from life and nature embodying the natural traits and tastes of man in his different moods. It abounds in serious, tender and meditative passages, which show the author's

evenness of thought, originality and romantic tendency. In these we are made to feel that Irving loved good women and little children; that he had faith in his fellowman and a kindly sympathy with humanity. The chief interest centers especially about the two stories, "Rip Van Winkle" and "Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" the scenes and characters in them so harmonize as to give the effect of a picture. We find they were the result of Irving's many rambles through the valley of the Hudson where he acquired the knowledge of the country, customs and legends which gave the tales the characteristic charm and which is associated in our thoughts with the pleasures of literature.

Who has not read and enjoyed Irving's well known story and character of "Rip Van Winkle?" His portrayal of kindly old "Rip," with the keenest of eyes, a manner as unassuming as that of the simplest child, will live forever in our hearts. "Rip" was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured very conspicuously in the days of Peter Stuyvesant; this easy going gentleman with his winning mildness and quiet deliberations, never did and never would get down to hard work; he possessed little of the character of his ancestors for his wife, a vixen, continually nagged and scolded poor old "Rip" until his home never found him there.

Each day found Rip a participant of the squabbles of the matrons, and the children's most devoted friend. He was seen in the village at times with crowds of youngsters for whom he made toys,

told stories, played games. His disposition was pliant, simple, good-natured but weak willed. He was popular among all the village folk as a result of his cheerful and jovial disposition.

Regardless of his sweet and gentle disposition and although we feel an attachment even while we condemn him, there is an admirable lesson that the author wishes to convey to us, "idleness is the mother of all vice" and success is never attained except by hard work which is in itself a wonderful preventative against temptation.

Although the scene of Ichabod Crane is not the same as in Rip Van Winkle still there is a similarity in the dispositions of the two men. Sleepy Hollow or Ilaven was the name given to the harbor at the mouth of the Pocantio at Tarry Town, New York. Here this familiar legend takes place.

Ichabod, a native of Connecticut, is another renowned character who has charmed us with his genuine sterling wit and humor. "As his name suggests, he was tall, exceedingly slender with enormous hands dangling from his sleeves, feet like shovels and in general loosely constructed." His life as schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow was not strenuous and he usually lived on the generosity of his pupils' parents, for he was considered far superior to any of the other country lovers.

Besides being a typical New Englander, he was ingenious, and possessed

a soft and foolish heart toward the fair sex; in particular did he find favor with Katrinka Van Tassel but she looked upon the schoolmaster as a peculiar mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. Though gentle and restless he was persevering and one night he sallied forth on an ancient steed called "Gunpowder" to a quilting frolic at Katrinka's. Sad was his fate for he never returned and Brom Bones, his enemy, captured the robust Katrinka.

Another eminent but pensive character is Wouter Van Twiller who possessed a distinct individuality. He was descended from a line of Dutch Burgomasters and in 1629 was made governor of New Netherlands. In as much as he was of the sturdy old Dutch stock he presents a strong contrast to the other familiar figures of Irving. He was noted for his peculiar habit of never expressing his opinion on a subject; he was one who seldom talked but, when he did, it is said he never uttered a foolish thing. He was a true philosopher and the first and best governor who presided over the province. His administration was very peaceful and charitable.

There is a national indebtedness to Irving for investing a new land scarcely known with the charms of romance and tradition, and after we come from reading Irving we are as much restored and as cheerful as if we had been passing an hour in the pleasant company of these notable personages.

## Indian Legends In Hiawatha

LOUISE RILEY,

*Fourth Academic.*

LEGENDS, for the most part, are the outgrowth of the efforts of the primitive man to explain the phenomena of nature which surrounded him on every side.

Longfellow, America's beloved poet, learned of the legends of the Indians in his deep study of Schoolcraft, or the history of the Indian Tribes of the United States. These, he developed and adorned with semblances and comparisons from his own mind as could be done only by a poet, such as Longfellow. The legends and traditions of this Indian nation, crude and trite in themselves, are told by Longfellow in such a plain, child-like

manner that they seem to be soft voices from afar, singing to us of the extinct nation.

Ballads and legends are not valuable merely as interesting tales, but are of an immeasurable value, historically. Were it not for them, the condition of primitive man, mental and physical, could not be ascertained by us. By a perusal of a country's legends, the present age, so proud of its inventive genius, can see that its perfected inventions were formed in the minds of the early peoples, and that completion is merely one of many steps of improvements.

The poem, "Hiawatha," is based on a

traditional character, the hero of the legend, of miraculous birth, possessing superhuman attributes, who was sent by the "Master of Life" to clear the forests and to instruct the Indian in the arts of peace. So great was his sagacity, that Hiawatha, while spending his early childhood with his grandmother, was able to acquire a perfect knowledge of the bird language, the wonders of the sky and the mysteries of Nature.

The Indians, having no knowledge of God, tried in their own way to explain the harmony of Nature. Being unrestrained by considerations of consistency, the Indian created a world of imagination of his own image, yet unlike himself.

The Indian recognized the transcendent arrangement of nature, and in his theory concerning Summer and Winter, he depicts the Seasons as humans. Summer, the Indian characterizes, as a beautiful, warm-hearted Youth, whose mere presence brought all the indications of a bright and prosperous period. From his flowing ringlets welcome showers of rain fell upon the earth. This youth was liberated from the skies by Ojeeg, the Summer-maker, who having succeeded in breaking a hole in the heavens, provided a means of entrance for Summer. The Indian accounted for the contrast between Summer and Winter by the following legend: Winter was a cold-hearted, whining old man, from whose locks snow descended to the ground and who, by a mere glance, caused the rivers and lakes to freeze.

The Winds also came under the explanatory powers of the Indian. In the Indian's mind, they took on the form of humans. The West Wind, having killed the Great Bear of the Mountains, was proclaimed "Chief of the Winds". He had three sons, to each of whom he granted a part of his domain. Beautiful Wabun, husband of Morning Star, was given the East Wind; the energetic son was given the North Wind, while the lazy son was given the South Wind.

The Indians having no apprehension of the unlimited power of God, sought a logical cause for geographical features. They conjectured the Rivers and Lakes had been formed by Gitche Manito, the Master of Life, who, while walking the red crags, caused rivers and lakes to flow from his footprints.

Hiawatha, versed in the language of birds, was loved by the feather folk. Especially, was he indebted to the Woodpecker, who informed him how to kill the magician, Megissogwon. The hero remunerated him by staining the tuft of feathers on the Woodpecker's head with the blood of the magician, to manifest to the world, his kindness. Like the woodpecker, the Squirrel aided Hiawatha in a mighty battle with the King of Fishes, and was given the name "Adjidamo" meaning "Tail in the Air", as reward. The Eagle, King of the Birds, was mischievous Pau Puk Keewis, who because of his perverse pranks, was transformed into a bird.

After convincing the Indian of the uselessness of dissensions Hiawatha introduced to him, a youth attired in garments of green and yellow, Mondamin, or Maize, the friend of man. Mondamin instructed Hiawatha to bury and tend his grave until harvest time, when he would reap the fruits of his toil. A maiden who while husking found a red maize ear was destined to marry a handsome man. The flowers, too, are clothed in the beautiful imagery of legend. A romance is woven around the Dandelion, who was loved by the South Wind because of her yellow tresses. However, being lazy, the South Wind lost her to the North Wind, who changed her hair white. When she died, as all other flowers do according to Indian belief, she bloomed again in heaven.

Though the Indian gave human form to so many inanimate objects, strange to say, the only humans receiving an explanation were the Pygmies. It was in retaliation for ridicule regarding Oweeno that her sisters and their husbands were turned into Pygmies.

These legends of the Indians have been robed in cloth of gold by Longfellow in Hiawatha. The form of this poem follows that of the Finnish Epic, "Kalevala" and makes constant use of the parallelism and repetition. In Longfellow's hands, these legends become at once delicate and powerful. For those who appreciate good poetry, they have inner beauty, while for the unlearned they afford curious delight. In "Hiawatha," Longfellow has left to the world the only great literary memorial of the Indian race and the nearest approach to an American Epic.

## In Memoriam

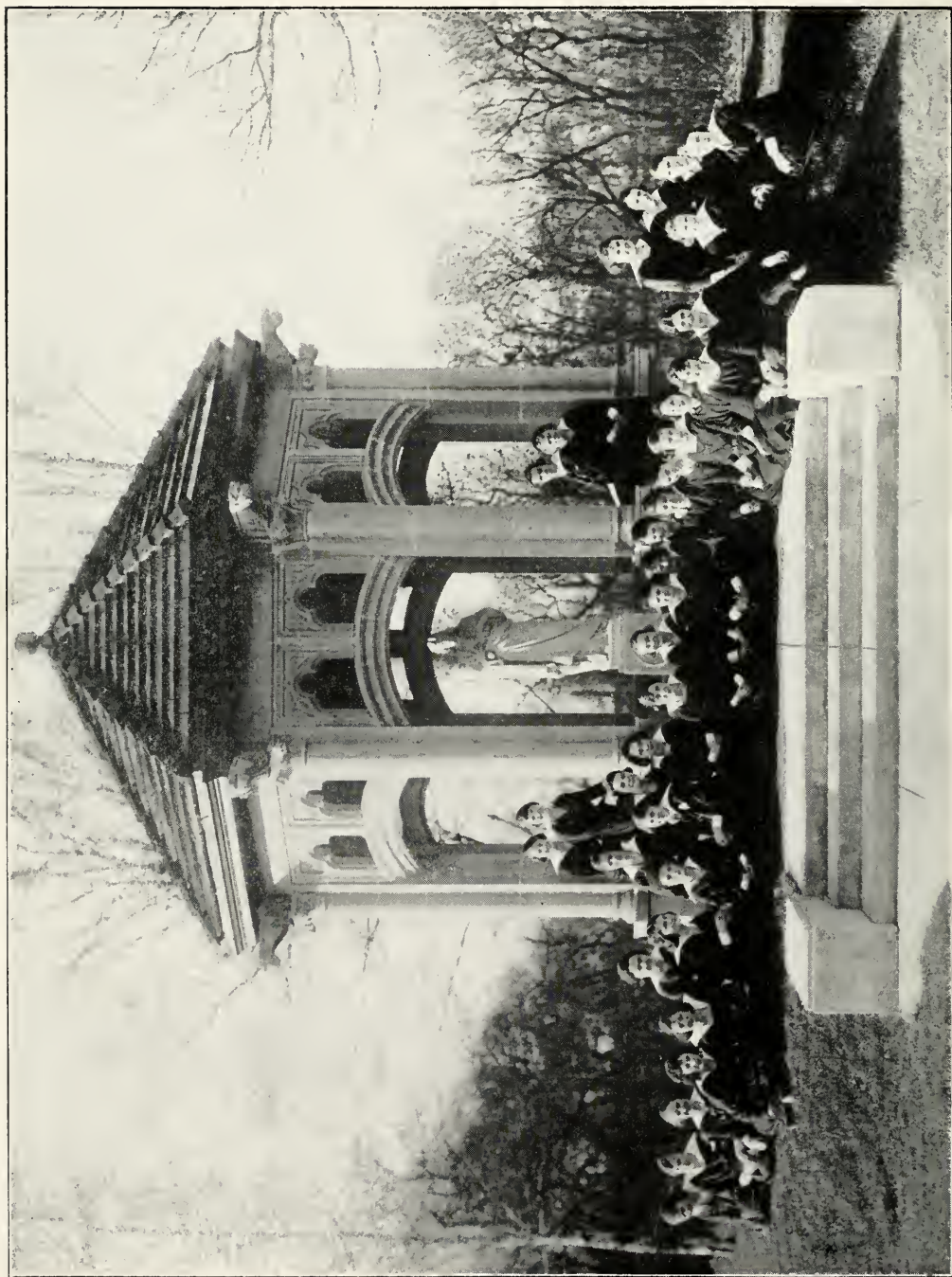
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Sorrow came into the heart of each of us with the death of our classmate, Elizabeth Longley, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady. In seeming good health and with spirits high in the anticipation of Thanksgiving vacation, Elizabeth went to her home in South Bend. But a few days and hers was the real Home-going. Her death at Epworth Hospital followed an operation for appendicitis.

Elizabeth, Vice-President of the Fourth Academic Class and President of the Indiana Club in the Academy, stood high in her classes, possessing unusual ability; and higher in the esteem and love of her teachers and classmates. There is consolation to her dear ones in Christ's words: "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God."

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A Cherub-clan, all robed in Virgin-hue,  
December flakes of snow,  
God's message bore from Heaven-town to you.  
None other heard; their whisper was so low: ]  
"Your course is run! A life fulfilled in space ]  
So brief! The total sum  
Of your young years mute pleads before God's face!"  
A Virgin wise, you answered: "Lo, I come!"



FOURTH ACADEMIC CLASS

# "O Wad Some Power The Giftie Gie Us To See Ourselves as Others See Us"

## CLASS WILL

We, the Fourth Academics of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, County of St. Joseph and State of Indiana, being at this time, of sound mind, and desiring to make such dispositions of our estate as seems best to us, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, annulling all former wills and codicils.

To the following we make these bequests:

Item 1. To the Faculty, our grateful appreciation for their attempts to reform and inform us; also the right to the respect and affection of all future classes.

Item 2. To the Seniors of the College, gratitude for their devotedness and regular discipline.

Item 3. To the Juniors in College, the Fourth Academic Basket-Ball Team bequeaths its neat pass-work, which, added to weight of Junior Team, will give more success in 1921.

Item 4. Of our versatility, we make the following dispositions: (1) To the in-coming College Freshmen our poetic inspirations; (2) To the Second Academics, our fluency in reading French, Latin and Spanish.

Item 4. To the Third Academics, we will and bequeath our ambition, dignity, and our title of Academic Graduates.

Item 5. To the same class, we leave sole right of occupancy of the Annex Study Hall, together with all privileges, which are attached.

Item 6. To the incoming First Academics, we bequeath our sympathy and left-over tears.

Item 7. To those who are addicted to sleep, we bequeath the following advice: Get up at the first sound of the rising bell; over-indulgence means sure defeat.

Item 8. To any one in need, we leave our unused credits.

Item 9. To St. Mary's, we will our gratitude and loyalty.

Item 10. We hereby nominate and ap-

point Ann Kelleher of the College Graduating Class executrix of this our last will and testament.

To witness whereof, we the Class of 1920, hereunto subscribe our names, this first day of June A. D., 1920.

CLASS OF 1920.

Witness—

Agnes Dugan,  
Amalia Moleria.

## CLASS HISTORY

VERONICA DE LA HOUSSAYE,  
*Fourth Academic.*

IF YOU have ever had the experience of living through a real live history in its making, the renowned record of the anticipations and the exalting achievements of the Fourth Academics of 1920 can hardly leave you unmoved.

As First Academics, martyrs to the cause of education and to what we thought the whims of stern parents we groped about in the depth of despair, in search of enlightenment—that mysterious thing that we knew naught of but by hearsay. But to remain thus was not our nature and when the newness of it all wore off, our rise became spectacular.

The following year brought "old" Second Academics and inexperienced new ones. The latter went through the usual touching scenes and came out for better or for worse. That same year we were inspired to become the hostesses of a successful War Benefit. By our enthusiastic appeals and the ready responses of the Department together with help from the College, we assuaged in some way the horrors of the war.

As Third Academics we assumed the dignity proper to those of our rank and station. Our number voted Mary Purman, President; Ethel Burkhartsmeier, Vice-President; Florence Guthrie, Secretary, and Elizabeth Longley, Treasurer.

The calls from the Missions of India were too loud and long for us to resist, so we established a bank and willingly

contributed to ameliorate the conditions of missionary life in India.

There comes a time in the history of all loyal students to give a Bal-Masqué. The moment had come for us to act. We were eager to serve Tradition and Youth, and not in vain did we do it with our jolly treat.

But after all, Academic days and histories can go on just so far. On our return in September of 1919, we found ourselves the proud possessors of the long anticipated title "Fourth Ac." At last it was ours to rise to our height as the teachers and pupils, in a reverential and subdued tone, extended to us our much deserved congratulations.

Mary Purman still continues to adorn the presidential chair and has gained further renown for herself and the class by her touching rendition of "Sp-r-r-ing is Com-um-um-ing;" while Ethel Burkhardtmeier played "con more" on the violin, bringing tears, yea, "the fruitful river" to the eye. This proves to the satisfaction of all that class officers are sometimes useful as well as ornamental.

The Fourth Academics, now carefully observant of the old adage, "all's well that ends well" are planning a happy ending. Some of the affairs that will constitute the big reality are the Fourth Academic Treat, Essay Day and Commencement.

But in the midst of these bright anticipations there creeps a shadow of regret, at the thought of leaving St. Mary's. In this, however, we can be consoled by brighter thoughts of college days and Academic Alumnae.

If proverbs are what they are supposed to be, one may easily apply that old French proverb "The Past is the Master of the Future," to the Fourth Academics and expect things, grand and glorious.

## CLASS PROPHECY

District School, No. 13,  
Taylorville, Massachusetts.

June 1, 1925.

My dear Loretta:

Since my sad departure from St. Mary's five long years ago, I have heard practically nothing concerning the 1920 Fourth Academic Class, so yesterday I went to Zada the Hindu fortune teller and

she told me many surprising facts concerning the girls.

As I looked into the crystal globe I beheld our renowned quartet, Mary Purman, Ethel Burkhardtmeier, Loretta Shaughnessy and Florence Guthrie touring the world with the Metropolitan Opera Co. Their success is due not only to their superb musical ability but to the efficiency of their manager, Lucile Gleason. Jean Duncan and Catherine McDonough are the proprietors of a fashionable style shop, "The Dream of Fair Women," on Fifth avenue, New York City. They are patronized by the leading American women because of the modest and individual style expressed in the garments.

Thelma Hoeny and Blanche Edwards are starring at the Winter Gardens with Al Jolson. Genevieve Smith and Genevieve Loesh are happily married, and are living in the South Sea Isles. Their husbands are engaged in foreign commerce and civil engineering there.

Dorothy Menden is the dean of an eastern college. Other members of the faculty are Nell Randall, professor of Physics and Louise Riley, Dean of Languages. You know how well they did in those respective studies. Katherine Schmalzried, Novella, Guill, and Susie Reynolds are completing their education at the same college and are progressing rapidly, having reached the second year in college. Katherine Brazzill is doing well here work in Michigan City and through her untiring efforts she has made the State Prison world famous.

Here is a perfect example of what we used to call antithesis: Veronica de la Houssaye is busy in Southern society circles with teas, dinner dances and charity balls, while Helen Smidt is reunited with her friends in the convent at St. Mary's. Miriam Curley and Marguerite Campbell have established a curiosity shop in San Francisco. They work splendidly together in that; Miriam is financing the business. Agnes Dugan, class testator, is a sheriff in Paris, Illinois, handling legal documents, such as wills and marriage licenses. Mary Ryan is at last in Grand Opera and she is playing before the Kings and Queens of Europe. Her ability was first recognized when she played the part of "Sylvia" at school.

Mona Keown and Mary B. Van Heuvel are completing their violin studies in Europe. Alice Perry and Irene Kehoe were partners in a law firm but they have now dissolved partnership and Irene Kehoe has returned to her former position as secretary to the Governor of Indiana.

Ailzia McElroy is living the life of Il Penseroso in a small western mining town. She is devoted to the study of Philosophy, Astronomy and Psychology. Can you imagine Ailzia in solitude? Mary Sweeny and Teresa Burke have also

profited by the study of Milton. Theirs is the life of L'Allegro; at present they are living in Chicago, each one finding amusement in the festivities around her.

Loretta, I read in the papers about your debate in Congress over prohibition and I congratulate you. At last you have a seat in Congress! After this session, come to Massachusetts to spend your vacation. I'm still teaching Domestic Science in the country school.

Wishing you the best of success, I am

Always,

MARGARET SHERMAN.

## A Tale of Thirty-Five

E. BURKHARTSMEIER, M. PURMAN,

*Fourth Academics.*

NEVER before in the history of St. Mary's has so talented a troop of actresses graced the stage of this institution of learning, as that of the Fourth Academic Class (all-star cast) of nineteen twenty. Their season, which opened September 16th, and closed June 15th, was one of marked success. This musical comedy, "A Tale of Thirty-Five," displayed much variety, which included laughter, sobriety and wit.

The curtain rose, disclosing a bright autumn day. The brilliantly hued trees, the withering green grass, and the winding paths of their Alma Mater predicted that the play would be beautifully staged as well as ingenious and fanciful. A solemn building in the middle of the stage, was the Academy; to the left, stood the College.

Gracefully assembled on the Academy steps, was a crowd of the girls. Catherine McDonough, the girl with the eternal wave, was accompanying on the ukelele, Mary Sweeny, who was singing with appropriateness to Teresa Burke, "If I Had All the World to Give, I'd Gladly Lay It at Thy Feet."

Margaret Sherman, a South Bender, representing Autumn, fantastically glided down the steps with Loretta White, a radical reformer of the government, and Jean Duncan, whose "reddy" wit received applause, to become acquainted with the serenading three at the foot of the steps.

In front of the College loomed the fa-

miliar and ultra-active figure of Mary Belle Van Heuvel, Genevieve Loesch, whose complex coiffure, worried us not; Mary Rose Butler, the unassuming and delightful bud from Roselawn, and Agnes Dugan, whose fresh air course is alleviated by literature (mostly "Popular Mechanics"). At that moment, as they were excitedly waiting to greet the new girls, a Yellow Cab drew up to the curb. With dainty alacrity, out jumped the most speedy members of the cast, Alice Vanderkarr and Novella Guill, whose peculiar twang perturbed the old settlers of the school. Blanche Edwards, FINALLY jumped out of the machine, after much delay in looking for her lost powder puff.

Trinity Arbor was well depicted. On the one group of stairs sat Miriam Curley, pensive and strangely dejected. On the second group of stairs, was Katherine Schmalzried, plucking her banjo in a truly Tennessean manner. Upon the third steps, dreamily gazed Veronica de la Houssaye, whose Hotel Greenwald delicacies were forever imprinted on her memory.

Sauntering on the walk from the College to the Academy were Helen Smidt and her protegee, Ailzia McElroy, whose brilliancy in class dazzled her companions: Katherine Brazzill, whose sudden illness was due to vocal practice; and Irene Kehoe, the unquestionable book-keeping star, with Genevieve Smith, lug-

ging a suitcase. Behind them strolled arm and arm Susie Reynolds, another star in the commercial line, and "T" Hoeny, whose revelations in religion are most startling. Nell Randall seemed to be having an argument with them on a most striking question, "The Disadvantages of Braces on the Teeth."

Seated on a bench in a cozy spot in front of the Academy, was Mary Ryan, rehearsing one of her many expression plays before the ever-grinning Alice Perry; not far from them were seen two intelligent lassies, discussing the "Noodle Situation in Russia." They were the serious-minded students, Dorothy Menden and Mona Keown.

The iron railing in front of the lamp post held the two "Lady Hallers", Louise Riley and Marguerite Campbell. Louise was boosting Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary, while Marguerite tried to get in her latest theory on Eyebrows.

Arranged artistically around a flower urn was a *professional* group of actresses. That singing attitude of Florence Guthrie's was enough to prove that she was a professional! That sweet, winning smile and delicate manner of Loretta Shaughnessy told us that she could "take off" *any* of Shakespeare's dainty heroines, carrying a "UGE" fan! (Refer to Sylvia.) The darling little Southerner, who used her hands in such an aesthetic manner, as she QUIETLY denounced prohibition, was Lucile Gleason. The poetic attitude of Ethel Burkhartsmeier gave the audience the feeling that they were in the presence of Longfellow, himself. (Mayree Purman says this.) Mary Purman, musically inclined towards anything tuneful, emerged next, whose ability to produce and tackle tones from every possible source, makes the St. Mary's orchestra what it is. (E. Burkhartsmeier says this.)

After gathering in front of the academy, each member of the cast "gave out her voice" in the tuneful oratorio, "Thirty-Five Varieties Beats Heinz' Fifty-Seven."

The song having ended, the familiar study hall bell pealed forth its resounding melody, "for chimes are sweet when the metal is sound." Falling into perfect rank, the cast silently tiptoed up the steps into the study hall to extend a lofty

greeting to the members of the faculty.

This act completed the presentation of the characters in the comedy, and the second act revealed the success of the play—but—for further particulars apply to the faculty.

### "MY IDEAS"

During my two years at St. Mary's I have had many ideas. Being of a retiring disposition, as becomes a Fourth Ac, I have never voiced them 'ere this auspicious occasion. Realizing that I am taking my own life in my hands, I proceed breathlessly.

#### Suggestion 1.

First of all, a jitney line to Notre Dame, not only for the reduction of "H. C. L.," since shoe leather is high, but also to avoid all traffic congestions at the gate.

#### Suggestion 2.

A nation wide tour for the Fourth Ac. Jazz Band; that being done (note: ablative absolute) it should help to popularize the Oliver Hotel on Saturday afternoons with a tea-dance, St. Mary's girls attending.

#### Suggestion 3.

The establishment of a stable confectionery store located somewhere on the campus where the girls could secure the necessities of life without being bothered with going to the refectory.

#### Suggestion 4.

The innovation of a new course "Scientific Farming." Special attention devoted to the production of grapes, to be used in the future for grape pies. Such a course would greatly benefit those girls who have signed up for the "Fresh Air Course."

For more definite information regarding my ideas,

Apply to Loretta White

Prospective { Chauffeur of Jitney Bus.  
Mgr. of Scientific Farming  
Pres. of Fresh Air Course

## After The Snow Storm

ELLEN VOORHEES,  
*First Academic.*

THE world was wide awake once more; and with its awakening came a day wonderous fair, one crowded in with the radiant sunshine that God

alone can give to man. It seemed indeed, a new creation. Transformed and sparkling, it resembled the fairyland in whose magic the children all believe. Everywhere, and as far as the eye could see, the Earth was one mass of sparkling, dazzling snow. Everything had taken new shapes—queer shapes indeed—fantastic shapes.

The brush pile was mountain high, covered with snow from base to summit, and glittering so, that it seemed almost as if every little snowflake did its utmost

to outshine its neighbor. The old hand-pump, with its queer little corniced roof, almost buried under the snow, brought to your eyes the vision of some quaint Japanese habitation, nestling cosily among the cherry blossoms.

Through the air came the soft peal of the sleigh bells. Two or three little birds so unfortunate as not to have gone South for the winter, twittered happily. Everything was symbolic of peace and contentment.

## A Story of Cascade, Colorado

MARGUERITE CAMPBELL,

*Fourth Academic.*

WE had been in Cascade but a short time when we heard the story of "Gimmy." It was rather hard to believe at first, but a few circumstances connected with the story, forced upon us the realization of the real truth of the tale.

We were all sitting around the old dilapidated iron stove in the Post Office, smoking, and exchanging the bits of local gossip of the day.

"Wall, I guess you heard about ol' Gimmy and the way she come up the pass nigh onto forty years ago." It was more of a question than a statement and was asked in a drawly sort of tone, characteristic of the mountain-folk of Colorado. The little old dried-up Judge, the owner of the question, was reported to be the owner of practically all of Cascade Real Estate, and yet his clothes were heavy and coarse as were those of all the others present, with the exception, perhaps, of the garments of a city youth, who had arrived but a short while before.

"Wall," continued the Judge, as we shook our heads in negation, "I guess it's up to me to tell you then, fer everybody else hereabouts heard the story some time ago and you aren't just exactly residents of Cascade until you fully understand the tale of Gimmy."

"We wuz all sittin' right in this exact spot nigh onto forty year ago, when Gimmy come up Ute Pass." He paused here, perhaps to better emphasize the importance of this statement.

"She wuz a purty gal when she come here, and had hair that wuz yellor, it looked jus' like spun gold in the sun." Here he paused again, rather dramatically, this time, for us to gain a mental picture of Gimmy with her spun gold hair.

"There wuz a man with her, a queer sorter man, rather hard-lookin'. He must have been her father, for she 'peared to kinda mind what he said. They come in here about ten o'clock and asked us which wuz the quickest way to get to old John's cabin. You know the one, across the canyon, where the bridge is broken down. Wall, naturally we told 'em to climb ol' Baldy's side and then foller the little path until they come to that bridge and jus' to walk across thet bridge and they would come to the cabin. They left then and we didn't see them again fer about two weeks. When they come down again they bought all kinds of seeds and flour and groceries and went back agin. We ain't seen Gimmy sence. Wall, they lived up there jus' like any plain folk do fer about four years and then the storm broke on Baldy's head. If you had lived in the mountains in the early pioneer days you would understand what a storm means, especially one on top of a mountain. It means worry, and prayers for the mountain-folk. It means a prayer to God that one of them awful boulders won't come down on your homestead. I've lived in these mountains fer nigh onto sixty year and never sence I been

here have I seen a storm like the one that night. We watched from one of the windows up-stairs and prayed fer poor Gimmy up in thet little cabin in the midst of the mountain and the storm. Now and then the lightning would flash, and we could see, fer jus' an instant, the awful might of that storm. Boulders crashed down the mountain side, carrying trees and debris, and starting an avalanche of destruction to the valley below. Thunder rumbled and roared in the distance like a Demon in angry wrath, terrifying the people below. We came down-stairs about nine o'clock, and waited and prayed fer the storm to be over. About nine-thirty a gust of wind blew the door open and a man stumbled in, falling on the floor in a crumbled heap of man-hood. We picked him up and took care of him the best way we could but he died about ten o'clock thet night. It wuzn't but about a half an hour after he died thet the storm ceased. It seemed like it wuz satisfied with its work fer the night.

Me and another man started up the mountain-side next morning to tell Gimmy of the death of her father, fer it wuz the man thet come up with Gimmy. We wuz kinda silent all the way up there

cause it wuzn't a pleasant job. Wall, we reached the top of the mountain and got the shock of our lives, fer where the bridge had been there wuz nothin' but air. The bridge wuz gone, and it had been the only means of gettin' across to the cabin fer about twenty years. We jus' turned round and went back down the mountain. We buried the man in the grave-yard yonder. Nobody knows how Gimmy lives up there fer God knows, it's hard enough fer a man to make a living from the soil in this country and fer a woman it's nigh onto impossible, but she is still living up there fer every night at ten o'clock you can hear her singing the weirdest, wildest song, that jus' makes your flesh creep and your blood almost freeze." He ended and his voice dropped to a whisper. "Listen."

Faintly at first, then louder and wilder came the song from the woman across the canyon. Weird, wild and penetrating came the notes of a song, I will never forget, dying out gradually only to end in an awful shriek of despair. Irresistibly, almost unconsciously, my eyes sought the clock and as I knew before I saw, the hands pointed at exactly ten o'clock.

## Miss Third Academic Goes A-Gadding

AS REPORTED BY ELSA HEINE.

Miss Third Academic, a maid of seventeen having attained an average of ninety-five percent in her work, was given in reward the opportunity to visit the homes of her former classmates. Jubliant she began her trip, covering many states; yea, even down to Mexico and on to Cuba.

In Chicago, her first stop after leaving St. Mary's, she stayed at the Congress Hotel. Grace Downey, Lucille Bomer, Dorothea Ryno, Elsa Heine, and Marie Moynihan, arranged a luncheon, after which the crowd drove through the various parks. Dorothea fortified with knowledge of the parks and boulevards explained these as they drove. Grace had a hobby of showing outsiders the relics of the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria, fac-similes of the ships in which Columbus sailed to America; reminders of the Chicago Exposition. She imparted her history with eagerness, much to the interest of her audience. Marie

thought Miss Third Academic would enjoy seeing the Rose Garden so hither they went. Before returning to the Congress, Lucille insisted that their guest should see the iron tablet which marks Fort Dearborn and relates some remarkable facts about Chicago.

The next day the hostesses and traveler met Azalea Cook, Kathryn Pendleton and Lucille Johnson. All were much elated over the meeting; each one having "her bit" of chatter to contribute. As these girls were not from Chicago, Miss Third Academic journeyed partly South with them; for they lived in Southern Illinois.

A week later found the traveler in Little Rock, Arkansas. Here Miriam Warde had planned a visit to Hot Springs, a real treat for Miss T. A.

Atlanta, Georgia was the next stopping place. Lo! and behold the eager Linda Minehan is the charming hostess. The

honored one is shown through the cotton fields and for the first time observes real Georgia "crackers" and darkies.

Reluctantly she left the sunny South for a while; now westward bound. She descended the train steps in Denver this time; Charlotte Haskell, Lillian Humphrey are at the station. My how pleasant it is to be received by old friends! Charlotte delighted in showing everything about Denver, while Lillian narrates most interesting facts about Charlotte.

Miss Third Academic is in Keokuk, Iowa, after four weeks of traveling. Madeline Connable has long awaited the opportunity to show the Keokuk Dam, "a most notable place," and a "never-to-be-forgotten sight."

On her departure from Keokuk the fair lady visited Davenport where Marie Kahl showed the Rock Island Arsenal.

"Mitchell is the next stop," shouts the conductor. Florence Morton, Lenore Janda, and Albatine Brazzill have come to meet Miss Third Academic and show South Dakota hospitality. Here is the famous corn palace of South Dakota, "the only one of its kind in the world." Many traditions combined with historical facts about the Indians and the Pioneers are appreciated by the traveling guest.

The steps of the successful pupil are turned to the South once more. Cordially is she greeted and welcomed by Elizabeth Buell, another hospitable Southerner, in Dallas, Texas. Nothing that is worth seeing escaped the eyes of the visitor.

Once again the young explorer has retraced her way to the Great West. She is now in Sheridan, Wyoming. Norma Keenan and Eythel Hartman delight in showing her ranch life and sage grass.

The next lady of grace to play hostess is Adelaide Tobin, in Nebraska. For convenience's sake, Adelaide has come to Omaha to meet her classmate. A long trip is ahead of her from Omaha.

The traveler joyfully accepted an invitation extended by Grace Hamilius and Sofia Contellence to visit "really and truly" Mexico, which sojourn was to be a remarkable one. In order to meet Miss Classmate, Grace has traveled all the

way from Tampico, to Mexico City. "What a perfect garden spot," was the guest's favorite expression. By ocean waves she voyaged from Mexico to Boston. Monica Kaul is at the harbor as the boat arrives. Miss Third Academic is taken over the route of Paul Revere's Ride and now knows Boston is the "hub of the Universe."

The visitor next reached Mansfield, Ohio. Constance Berno welcomes her to her homestead where General Sherman once resided. They have tea under the inviting branches of the stately elm that overshadows the yard.

An invitation from the Golden West came next and little Miss Third Academic reaches the State of California calling on Henrietta Cox.

Michigan and a Great Lake's trip sounded a return from California. She was next walking up Capitol Hill with Kathleen Kelleher in Marshall, which is her next diversion. Frances Lamphere is found waiting as the train enters Detroit and Miss Third Academic steps to the ground.

Kathryn Feeney's dream comes true; Cincinnati opens its gates to the traveling successful pupil.

Groves of palms and walks along the sandy shores are the next allurements. Our voyager arrived next in Porto Rico where Angelina Santini shows her where great things come to pass.

With the advent of winter Margaret Johnson arranged to have her classmate visit St. Paul, Minnesota, to attend a winter's ice Carnival; without a rival any place in the North.

The LaSalle Street Station is sheltering the train again. Eva Ender, Marion Collopy, Virginia Rempe, and Zella Young are on the reception committee; having a little talk between trains before Miss Third Academic leaves for Indianapolis. Here Adelaide Krauss, Katherine Kuboske, Rosalie Singler, Margaret Sherman and Margaret Mellet "having been collected" from various parts of the Hoosier state, arranged a tea dance for their beloved traveler before she departed for St. Mary's where she gave the above "glowing account" of her trip. "All the world loves a traveler."

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## Editorials

Bewildered in mind and sick at heart, I stumbled along the road leading to the mass of buildings that were to be my home for the coming ten months. I had just left my Mother at the Lake. The last lingering look at her face, firm in its tenderness; yet only half concealing the real grief which separation causes the mother heart, made the longing to rush after her almost irresistible. As I trudged on, each foot-fall seemed to me to echo, "alone," "alone."

Just as I turned to run after the almost indistinct figure in black, I heard faintly, "Here you are, Sister sent us down to meet you. We are old girls so we know what it means to say good-bye for the first time. Don't mind us," one continued, as I began to weep hysterically.

Oblivious to even the sympathetic faces and voices of my guardian angels, I followed them, not noticing that we had left the main road and were walking down a long cement walk, bordered on either side by red geraniums and salvia, toward a shrine where several girls were kneeling for a moment of prayer. Unconsciously I knelt, too, and there at the feet of the Sacred Heart, I sobbed out my

grief. He gave me His blessing for I left with grim determination to persevere, at least, until the first vacation.

To-day on the eve of my departure from St. Mary's, the shrine appears the same as it did on that eventful day last September. Standing back from the main road, some fifty feet, the shrine, cupola shaped and capped by a green tile roof, rises majestically before a group of shady trees and lilac shrubbery. It is, I have heard especially dear to Holy Cross—the gift to a good Mother General from devoted children. To me it is the loveliest of all the lovely out of door spots at St. Mary's.

St. Mary's, whom we may soon call Alma Mater has given unstintingly of her gifts: counsel, knowledge, wisdom, and infinitely more than these, the privilege and opportunity of receiving Holy Communion every day. Perhaps, in those other days, before our coming to St. Mary's, our eyes were held so that we knew not the inestimable good in daily communion. Right well we deserved the Master's reproach: "Oh foolish and slow of heart." But we have abided a while

at Emmaus. It came to pass while here, that our eyes were opened and we knew Him in the breaking of the bread. Only the good Master knows what we have seen in the intimate visits at the early morning hour.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!" Although it is not always necessary nor even opportune to manifest love, in the general acceptance of the term toward our "every day" neighbor; yet there is a demand, as insistent as it is apparent for a pronounced evidence of courtesy toward "Neighbor Everyday." Alas, so often our modern's goal is amusement, and his nourishment, excitement, that little opportunity is acknowledged for exchanging the courtesies of life. If the little things are flagrantly disregarded how can the negligent one ever fulfill the above precept? This negligence seems an inevitable outgrowth of present social conditions,—away from God assuredly away from courtesy and respect. The Most Perfect Man who ever lived said, "When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honorable than thou be invited by him; and he that invited thee and him come and say to thee, give this man place, and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place." We may further recall that His first miracle was wrought at the intercession of Mary Most Amiable, that their host might be spared embarrassment.

Here, "my wagon has been hitched to a star." But to what purpose to have it hitched even to a star, if my wagon be empty, empty of the fruits it should be carrying to those outside; many of whom are famishing for just what I have been nourished upon. Will my fruits,—thoughts, ambitions, actions, aspirations, dreams, restraints, victories over self, plucked from my every day life, be sound enough to be put into a star-hitched wagon? Shall I be glad to be judged by my fruits? Shall I be happy to feel that people know my words are from the abundance of my heart? The power behind my every act will be Ideals. I shall not be able to act above my Ideals. The very thought of failure only serves to emphasize, "the fault is

with yourself, dear Brutus." I, an Academic, go forth with an Ideal branded on my very soul, one than which God Himself could create none more perfect; praying I may be a true child of my Ideal—Mary, Virgin Most Faithful.

"Why are we on this earth except to grow?" asks the poet Browning. To grow physically, mentally and above all morally. The seeds of health, knowledge and goodness have been planted; they have been tended and nourished by regularity, instruction and the atmosphere of sanctifying grace in which we live. The seeds have fallen on good ground; the tiny green shoots have sprung above the fertile soil, but that these may continue to grow, and to bring forth fruit, the same care-taking must be bestowed upon them. If, through indifference or selfishness, one neglects the planted seeds, it may be that they, having sprung up immediately will in time wither away.

Our education has been begun but not completed. We have learned thus far but a few useful facts; as yet, the opportunity has not been ours to throw the search-light upon ourselves through the study of the higher branches. Let each of us in making the all important decision regarding a college education, keep in mind that knowledge has not merely a practical value, but is an end in itself.

Enthusiasm in out of door sports is everywhere manifest. Tennis leads in popularity; hence it behoveth tennis lovers to be fleet of foot, at three-thirty in order to take possession of the coveted courts. There are a number of ladies of the Lake who delight in afternoon dips, or in paddling a canoe when the waves of the great lake are sufficiently smooth! Let each one take as her motto "a sound mind in a sound body." If you cannot play tennis, and have no liking for swimming, or canoeing, then join the tramp club and hie off to "Pin Hook."

St. Mary's wishes to express her gratitude to the advertising firms, who, through their generosity have helped to make the Annual a success.

# "SYLVIA"



PRESENTED BY THE 1920 ACADEMICS

## "Sylvia"

### A Pastoral Operetta

One of the most elaborate dramatic performances ever given at St. Mary's was the operetta, *Sylvia*, which took place in St. Angela's Hall on the evenings of May 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, before large and appreciative audiences. The cast, comprising the best talent in the Academy was well selected, each character especially adapted to her role. Well trained choruses and vocal solos were especially fine features. The proceeds were donated to the building fund.

#### CHARACTERS

Sir Bertram de Lacey—The Court  
 Poet ..... Ethel Burkhartsmeier  
 Prince Tobytum—A Man of Consequence ..... Ailzia McElroy  
 William—An Honest Farmer ..... Mary Purman  
 Sylvia—Betrothed to de Lacey ..... Mary Ryan  
 Betty—Betrothed to William ..... Katherine Graham  
 Arabella—A Lady in waiting at Court ..... Katherine Schmalzried  
 Araminta—Her Sister ..... Grace Hamelius  
 Polly ..... Loretta Shaughnessy  
 Molly ..... Dorothea Ryno  
 Dolly ..... Marguerite Campbell  
 Farmer's Daughters, Friends of Betty.  
 Court Ladies—L. Riley, M. Sweeney,  
 F. Guthrie, C. McDonough.  
 Robin—A Farmer Lad, Genevieve Walsh

#### LASSIES.

N. Andros, A. M. Balfour, C. Berno, L. Bomer, N. Brons, M. Connable, S. Coutolenc, G. Downey, K. Feeney, M. Hummel, L. Johnson, M. Johnson, M. Kahl, B. Kissell, G. Kinsler, K. Kuboske, C. Martin, D. Menden, W. Mulcahey, M. O'Donnell, S. Reynolds, M. Vallez, B. Weiss.

#### LADS.

V. Authier, J. Baumberger, E. Buell, G. Bohanon, H. Casey, M. Curley, M. Coen, A. Dugan, C. Foster, L. Frank, A. Gainley, V. de la Houssaye, M. Johnson, M. J. Johnston, D. King, K. Keenan, F. Lam-

phere, A. Morgan, V. Morrison, C. O'Bryan, L. Stamm, L. Tujague, G. Walsh.

#### HAYMAKERS.

M. Betz, T. Burke, M. R. Butler, M. Brenner, A. Cook, L. Downs, J. Dennis, B. Edwards, L. Fitch, B. Geiger, N. Guill, E. Hartman, E. Heine, W. Hart, C. Haskell, H. Jordan, K. Kizer, N. Koch, A. Kraus, I. Kerwin, I. Kehoe, E. Lee, R. Marblestone, B. Merz, M. Mellett, M. MacGregor, A. Perry, N. Randall, R. Singler, G. Toepp, A. Vanderkarr, L. Vandeenboom.

#### ARGUMENT.

ACT I—*Sylvia*, tired of her betrothed wanders into a hayfield where she meets Betty who is sighing for a noble lover in place of her honest William. They plan to masquerade, *Sylvia* as the farmer's daughter, and Betty as maid of honor to the queen. They set off to find a magic flower "Cupid's Eye," which will blind their lovers to the change in their ladies, and to exchange costumes.

In the meantime, Betty's companions come seeking her, and meeting the farm lads, make a tryst with them at the stile. A threatening cloud causes them to appeal to Prince Tobytum on his appearance as a weather prophet. Indignantly he demands an apology. This being made and accepted he offers them permission to kiss his cheek. Pretending acceptance, they dance and pelt him with flowers till he escapes.

Having secured the flower, *Sylvia* and Betty return in their masquerade, and deceive their lovers. De Lacey and Betty go strolling through the woods, and William drags *Sylvia* off to help him weed the potato patch.

Robin sounds the dinner horn, and the haymakers return to the hayfield to spend the noonday hour.

ACT II—In the evening the haymakers rest from toil and the farmers' daughters set forth to the stile.

*Sylvia* and Betty, equally disillusioned

meet. They agree never to be discontented in the future and, having exchanged costumes, each seeks her own lover. But alas, they have been seen, and Prince Tobytum determines to expose Lady Sylvia that night to the assembled court.

De Lacey and William meet and quarrel. They are about to come to blows when their ladies appear and intervene.

The Ladies Arabella and Araminta who had reported the masquerade to Prince Tobytum, try to appease him. He attempts to carry out his threat, but is unsuccessful. A song of greeting to the harvest moon, rising over the tree tops

ends the evening, and all wend their way homeward.

ACT I—A Hayfield, A summer morning.

ACT II—Later. The same day.

PERIOD—The Eighteenth Century.

Orchestra under the direction of Prof. R. Seidel.

Violins—M. del R. Blanco, H. Brazzill, G. Broussard, C. Burke, H. Campbell, L. Eilers, L. Gleason, M. Kahl, M. Keown, Z. Nutter, J. Ryan, M. Van Heuvel, M. Ward, L. White.

'Cellos—G. Loesch, A. Schlecht.

Piano—H. Bauman.

Viola—Prof. R. Seidel.

Dancing directed by Miss M. Gavin.

### A MOTHER'S TEACHING

*A Tribute to Mother M. Pauline*

Your words, like lilies on an altar laid—  
Pure lilies that were born within some  
quiet mere,

Wake loving wonder at the fertile deep  
Whence they glory drew.

The lilies and their birth forgot, their  
loveliness must fade—

But never, Mother dear,

Shall Memory's high altar fail to keep

Words that were born deep in the heart  
of you!

### Sylvia

*'Tis a charming operetta,*

*Take the word of one who'll bet a*

*Dollar to a doughnut that 'twill please you very much;*

*And the cast, those human fairies*

*Who live over at St. Mary's—*

*Well, the critics all assert they surely beat the Dutch.*

*Each and every pretty lassie*

*Plays her role in manner classy,*

*Singing, speaking, dancing with precision truly fine;*

*Then the music is bewitching,*

*And the colored lights enriching*

*Scenes and figures add a glamour baffling words of mine.*

*Now, the moral of this ditty*

*Is: 'twill surely be a pity*

*If you lose this chance of sharing other folks' delight*

*So don't you prove immobiles,*

*But present yourselves at Nobile's*

*For a ticket to St. Mary's to-morrow or to-night.*

A. B. O'Neill.

## Leaves From a Second Ac's Diary

First Day at St. Mary's.

September 17, 1919.

Dear Diary:

Trying to make myself believe that it is all a dream, but alas! I am only too certain that I am here for many months. I wish you could see the deep furrows in my face from weeping bitter tears. Can't cry anymore, can't sigh anymore, can't eat anymore, can't sleep anymore. Well I could sleep but I haven't time, so it's all the same with the folk at home. Everything is bells, bells, bells around here. I suppose Poe must have gone to a boarding school.

Lovingly,

HELEN CAMPBELL.

September 18, 1919.

Second day at St. Mary's.

My dear Diary:

You're my one and only consolation! I think all the girls in the United States are assembled in this school. Of course all their names were called at mail call to-day except mine. I have been here for two days and in that time have been lost in the halls eleven times!! I am a second Academic this year. It makes me feel like I imagine the Seniors feel—wise.

Ever yours,

LUCILE VANDENBOOM.

September 20, 1919.

Dear Diary:

Oh! joy I am too happy for words. Simply in love with St. Mary's. Wouldn't be in any other school for worlds. The clanging of bells have become music to my dejected spirit. I no longer wish to sleep late in the morning, the sooner I get up and in the whirl of life the better for me.—H. C.

September 25, 1919.

Dear Diary:

Haven't had a spare moment; have been usher to ten new girls and they certainly make good use of me. This is a wonderful life, no books as yet, at least I haven't. Of course all the new girls have them. "Innocence is bliss."

Truly yours,

IRENE KERWIN.

September 27, 1919.

Had a dance last night. The old girls entertained the new. It was very informal as half the floor was being used by about two hundred chairs, so the space left for dancing was rather unnecessary. The new girls were distinctly amazed and some even were shocked to tears to find no boys had arrived or were expected. I spent ten minutes telling the "ten" that absolutely no boys ever, ever came to dance—I. K.

October 1, 1919.

This day I have been mortified to death. Our Prefect announced that we were going to have a movie and that we should assemble promptly in the study-hall. Well, I hurried to my locker and got my purse and gloves and put on my coat and hat and also my veil, and was ready to go to town to the movie. When I went into the study-hall everyone asked me where I was going. Of course I answered, "Into town to the Movie." Then everyone laughed because the movie was to be in our own exhibition hall—L. V.

October 6, 1919.

Working, working every minute. Haven't time to even breathe. The new girls are mostly all over homesickness and seem to love it here by now. Had a movie last night! Douglas Fairbanks in "Headin' South."—I. K.

October 13, 1919.

Founder's Day! Would that everyday were Founder's Day! Were free from all study, etc.! Were allowed to dress for dinner, which was indeed a banquet in honor of the hundreds and hundreds of girls attending St. Mary's this year! Toasts were given by old and new girls and everyone had a banquetful time! "Happy days goneby,—happy moments fled." Hope I'm here when they celebrate for 1,000 students!! I'm so sleepy—and Mass is at six o'clock—good night!

I. K.

October 28, 1919.

A retreat is a grand thing—I think. Would you believe that by silence we can become acquainted and will become acquainted with someone? Yes—Ourselves. There are so many beautiful thoughts that are prompted by silence. Goodbye until November 1st—

Lovingly,

IRENE MILLER.

November 4, 1919.

Retreat is over and we are talking again. And such a chaos of babbling voices!! One is expected to retain his ("Her" without exception at St. Mary's) reason!—I. M.

November 20, 1919.

Exams—how sad,  
I cram—too bad.

Yes really, it is sad to see a light in many an industrious girl's room at three o'clock in the morning. This—all this because of those fatal examinations.

I. M.

November 27, 1919.

Exams over now,  
I take the vow,  
"To study."—I. M.

November 28, 1919.

Dear Diary:

Thanksgiving Vacation! Oh, joy of joys! We have a late sleep to-morrow but it would be just like me to wake at 6 A. M. Franklin says: "There will be sleeping enough in the grave," (how little

he knew of life.) I prefer to take mine when and where I can. We go into town Wednesday but positively can't go near the "Oliver."—H. C.

December 16, 1919.

Only three more days—then home,  
And they expect us to study!!!

Nothing but a confused babble about trunk keys, trains, clubs, new fur coats and the like.—I. M.

December 19, 1919.

One more day and then away,  
For three whole weeks at home to stay—I. M.

December 20, 1919.

Dear Diary:

Until next year—good bye.—I. M.

February 20, 1920.

Diary Dear:

A real sensation to-night! A double header basket ball game. Did you hear the enthusiastic outbursts, pouring from the gym? We won!!! Quite naturally—realized victory dooming the Fourth Acs to a score of 12 to 6.

Lovingly,

GENEVIEVE BOHANON.

March 12, 1920.

I'm "Steppin Out" out tonight with Enid Bennett. Wish you could come but perhaps the Gym isn't large enough for everyone's diary and they couldn't be partial.—G. B.

March 6, 1920.

Am digging deeper and under. (Delightful task)—G. B.

March 12, 1920.

We had a lecture to-day by a colonel from Camp Custer—(left just before the 2:45 period—Oh Death!)—G. B.

March 18, 1920.

Dear Diary:

We have Mr. Paulding again—you remember him from last year don't you? This time he brought us Dante's "Divine Comedy," "King Lear" and "The Fear of Living." (Don't tell Diary, but I shed a couple of tears during the latter)—G. B.

March 20, 1920.

Am a hopeless victim of Spring Fever  
—It's contagious, look out!—G. B.

March 23, 1920.

Had a wonderful recital by Sascha Jacobinoff to-day. (Don't try to pronounce his name.)—G. B.

March 29, 1920.

The raindrops go "Drop-Drop" to-day  
—with a persistency which seems to say  
"I never stop." They always made me melancholy but there is no use getting mad over it.—We can't change the weather whether we try or not. Three more days before April 1st, which is a synonym for Easter vacation.—G. B.

April 1, 1920.

Dear Diary:

Lent almost over, and Easter vacation here. Because I was so good, I am happy now! So excited over vacation. Grip has been packed since St. Patrick's Day.

Your loving

LUCILLE TUJAGUE.

April 1st, 1920.

Dear Diary:

Somewhere—On the train now and flying fast, the girls are all talking so fast and look so different out of their uniforms, you really feel you have to treat them as strangers. They say a "pretty girl is like a melody;" it seems more like a jumble tune to me, the way these girls are all talking at once now. Don't blame the Sisters for being glad vacation is here.

"Oh how happy we now are

Riding in a Pullman car,

Sisters now are free from cares,

Without paying Pullman fares."

L. T.

April 9, 1920.

Fare thee well my dear Diary,—. Only have courage now to think of "bonus-a-um" and "a straight line is the shortest path between two points."—L. T.

April 10, 1920.

Dear Diary:

I must put away my kit of pleasant memories of home and you know all—

and bury myself, alas, alas, don't cry dear Diary! 'tis only in books for tomorrow commences a "whirl week of work." "'Tis true, and pity—'tis true—'tis true." I must expand all my energies, regardless of spring fever, in English, Latin, Geometry, History, yes and French.

Lovingly,

MARGARET BETZ.

April 11, 1920.

Work—study—study—work. No rest for the weary headed, but "mine not to reason why, mine but to do or die." Over worked brain girl.—M. B.

April 14, 1920.

Diary dear:

All the hues of the rainbow were evident in the Children of Mary party and the Elite were in display. Dolly Varden and Mary Garden would have been in the shade. Two Parisians "halos" were the prettiest hats worn by a College girl and an Academy girl. Had a grand time but didn't win a prize.—M. B.

Dear Diary,

April 19, 1920.

The keenest pang of all came to-night when the Easter Quarterly bulletins were read—Hurrah for all who had the good sense to return in time regardless of fond Mother and Dad, wishing to stay longer. It always pays—M. B.

May 1, 1920.

Golden Letter day at St. Mary's. Now diary—you're not curious but I just must tell you—"Sylvia"—Operetta by the Acs. Everyone did her best and ever better than her best.—M. B.

## Sleep

MARGARET JOHNSON,

Third Academic.

*I've always wished to know just why  
I fall asleep at night;  
And when I fall, and how I fall  
And get to sleep quite tight.*

*Some say that night's the time to sleep,  
I'd rather sleep at dawn;  
That's why I'm always late for prayers,  
And at my breakfast, yawn.*

## "Poets' Corner"

### A Tribute to The 1920 Grads

E. P. B.

*Not any girl that ever walked  
Amid St. Mary's path this year,  
Has ever yet unkindly talked  
Of 1920 Seniors, dear.*

*Their sterling love and loyalty  
To Alma Mater, clearly shows  
St. Mary's girls, true royalty.  
Let's cheer and hail each "new blown rose!" ..*

### An Easter Gift

ELIZABETH BUELL,  
Third Academic.

*A death-wind was sighing  
It passed softly crying;  
The Shepherd was dying  
On Calvary's rude height!  
Judea all sleeping  
At the Cross Mary weeping  
Her sad vigil keeping  
That Good Friday Night!*

*Riches, Ah, never!  
But a gift that forever  
From us none could sever  
Far rarer than gold;  
He gave to our brother,  
St. John, His own Mother  
Nor Shepherdess other  
Than of His sad fold!*

### Little Mary Sunshine

LUCILE GLEASON,  
Fourth Academic.

*Little Mary Sunshine!  
She's the bestest girl,  
Always smilin' never sad,  
Bright and cheerful, never mad,  
Doesn't know what selfish means—  
For her heart is gold, it seems—  
Little Mary Sunshine!*

*All her days are spent for others,  
Never thinkin' of herself,  
Passin' with her friendly smile,  
Easing life's dark way, the while,  
Makin' all that's good in life  
Take the place of pain and strife—  
Little Mary Sunshine!*

### St. Mary's

MARY RYAN,  
Fourth Academic.

*St. Mary's is the grandest place,  
The finest in the land.  
With pretty girls, and basketball,  
And the Fourth Ae's "Jazzy" band.  
And all the rooms are nice and bright  
With pictures on the walls;  
But there's one thing that's "awful hard"—  
That silence in the halls.*

## My Dixie Land

LINDA MINAHAN,

Third Academic.

*The land that God hath smiled upon,  
Where flowers through the whole year bloom  
Where chirps of birds arouse the Dawn,  
Where nature knows no griefs nor gloom,  
The land that God hath smiled upon!  
Though I may walk on foreign strand,  
And far from Georgia roam,  
No place to me will be so grand,  
No place as dear as Home.  
God bless my Dixie land!*

## The Call of Spring

TERESA BURKE,

Fourth Academic.

*When you hear the bees a-buzzing  
And the birds go winging by;  
And your thoughts are always rising  
To the azure of the sky;  
When you see the blood-red glory  
Of the heaven's early dawn;  
And the golden blaze of jonquils  
Are dew sparkled on the lawn,  
When you hate the sight of indoors,  
And your thoughts to fancies cling,  
And you dream in lazy sunshine,  
Lo, you've heard the call of Spring.*

## False Alarm

MARY PURMAN,

Fourth Academic.

*Everybody got the feelin'  
That Dame Spring would soon appear,  
'Cause Miss Snow was quickly stealin'  
To the Sun, her lover dear!*

*Mister Wind became so jealous  
Of the Sun's alluring ways,  
That he started in with zealous  
Work, to end his rival's rays.*

*Mister Wind began to blow  
With his majesty and charm;  
Now the earth is full of snow,  
We concluded: "False Alarm!"*

## The Tree Urchin

LUCILE JOHNSON,

Third Academic.

*A tree in garb of Spring-green  
Sad, discontented grew;  
And wished to be a fleecy cloud  
Moored in the sky bright-blue.*

*No sooner had the little tree  
Her ardent wish expressed,  
Than merry smiling, Mister Sun  
Went in the clouds to rest.*

*And lo! the azure vault of sky  
Became a dark grey hue,  
And all the dainty springtime clouds  
Most quickly fled from view.*

*So now the tree sent up a prayer  
In words of sincere glee,  
"I'm glad I'm not a fleeting cloud,  
Dear Lord, but just a tree."*

## Locals at St. Marys

Fourth Academic Essay day, June 7, marked the close of a very successful scholastic year for the Academic and preparatory departments. The following program was given by the academic graduates:

"March" .....De Koven  
St. Mary's orchestra.

Waltz and Chorus from "Faust".....Gounod  
1st Piano—L. Riley, M. Campbell

2nd Piano—A. Perry, V. de la Houssaye  
The Figure in White.....M. B. Van Heuvel  
Vocal Quartet, "Will o' the Wisp," Spross  
L. Shaughnessy, L. White, M. Purman,  
E. Burkhartsmeier.

Piano—Miss V. de la Houssaye.  
Why Study Latin.....M. Curley  
Piano Solo, "Humoresque".....Poldini  
M. Purman.

"Cinderella" ..... Papini  
1st Violin—M. B. Van Heuvel  
2nd Violin—L. Gleason  
3rd Violin—M. Keown  
Piano—A. Perry

Tradition at St. Mary's.....D. Menden  
Vocal Solo, "That's the World in June"  
F. Guthrie.

Spross  
My Song of Gratitude.....M. Purman  
"Ave Maria" .....O. B. Brown  
Fourth Academic Class.

On the evening of April fourteenth the Children of Mary gave a ball. The hall was artistically decorated with blue and white; the statue of Our Lady was standing in a garden-like bed of ferns, flowers and lights. The girls all wore garden hats which showed much variety in color, style, and individuality. The grand march was lead by the officers of the sodality in both the College and Academy. After the fourth dance prizes were awarded to the girls wearing the most becoming hats. At the close of the eighth dance the seniors of both departments served refreshments and then like the bursting of a cloud in the Heavens confetti and serpentines fell upon the merry dancers. The dance was voted one of the most enjoyable of the year.

Efforts to help a worthy cause—the Bengal Mission—has increased the inter-

est in home talent dramatics this year. The Fourth Academics, following the example of their Sisters, the College Seniors, manifested, last fall, what ability they have, by producing three one act scenes: "St. Mary's of To-day," "St. Mary's of To-morrow," and "Every Fourth Ac." Our primary purpose was accomplished, for we realized a neat sum which was straightway sent to the Mission. Whether or not the secondary purpose was fulfilled as successfully, we leave an indulgent audience to decide.

Not to be outdone, the Thirds, finding significance in the number 3, wrote and staged in three days, a three act comedy "Reel Life," "Music" and "Mystery." "The play's the thing," for luring "ducats" for Bengal.

According to order, the Seconds next displayed their histrionic ability in writing and staging, "You'll Be Surprised," and "St. Mary's Echo." Speaking of success, consult the Bengalese treasury!

Last but not least, the First Academics contributed the dainty "Pink Lady," and held the "mirror up to nature" in a number of pantomime sketches of decidedly local color. The "Children's show" must have been the best because they made the most money!

Glory to those to whom glory is due! The College Freshmen Basket Ball team is herewith declared Champions of College and Academy. True, there has not been the necessary formality for the "legal" possession of such honor, for said team has not met all teams in the school upon the field of battle. Yet the Fourth Acs are convinced that the team that can beat them deserves the laurel wreath! The game between the Freshmen and Fourth Acs displayed some of the best all round playing witnessed for many-a-day in the Gymnasium. The exceptional "celerity" of the Freshmen, and our own neat pass work brought bursts of applause from a most enthusiastic audience. The game ended with the score of 9 to 13 in the favor of the College. Theirs, the Glory; ours the glory of the Conquered.

# My Day on Fairy Island

ZELLA YOUNG,  
Third Academic.

"HELLO!" said a little fairy, dressed in a fluffy, lacy costume, "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Hello!" said I. "I would like to see Fairy Land to-day."

"All right," she answered, "First of all I am going to tell you my name is Patience; I am the guide through Fairy Land."

"Patience is a pretty name," I replied.

"Yes, the Queen, Hope, gave me that name. Well we must be on our journey, follow me!"

I followed her through a long and narrow hall, which was as white as snow and glistened like jewels. Then we entered the borders of Fairy Land.

"That hall is called, 'The White Way to Delight and Happiness,'" said Patience, indicating a hall to the right. To the left was a path leading through a large forest, and we took that road. There were lilies, roses and violets strewn here and there, and little fairies dancing about.

From here we went to a town, which had four main stores. The first store was Happiness; the second, Love; the third, Friendship; and the fourth, Joy.

"At these stores you can buy everlasting gifts," said Patience. All of the fairy owners of these stores danced out of the door and made a graceful bow. The next person we passed was Dan Cupid, who lived in a beautiful pink rose upon a mound of green. He was too busy to come out, so we just glanced at his house and went on. The next house that we passed was that of the Queen of the fairies, who lived in a large red peony.

"This is Ambition Town." Here, the fairies were all flying around, busy as could be, all doing his, or her duties of the day. The fairies of Ambition Town flitted and danced about, but they did not need a traffic cop in that town.

Now we walked through another small forest, and behold! the first fairy I saw was Jack in the Pulpit fast asleep. Next I saw Humpty Dumpty playing and dallying on a wall, instead of going to school. Then I saw a little ant and cart. The cart was a toadstool shaped into something a fairy could sit in, and be drawn by an ant. In this cart was Oz; he would not trouble himself to take the reins into his hands, but let the two ants wander on. The Queen of this place was in her carriage, a large rose petal driven by a bee. She had a robe made from a carnation petal.

"Then, said my guide, 'Let us go on to Toy Land; Santa Claus lives there, and he has all of our fairies working for him.'"

"That will be lovely," I answered, so we started on a different road through a snowy country. The snow sparkled, and I could hear the jingle of bells. Patience said that Santa Claus' house was on a very high hill, so I soon saw it. After climbing many flights of stairs we reached the entrance. Patience rang the door bell and we were admitted. There was dear old Santa Claus—

"You'll be late for morning prayers, if you don't get up now," said Sister.

"Ye-e-s.—Oh! Sister, I'm g-g-etting up," I answered.

My fairy dream thus ended, I was soon far away from Fairy land, well, in the land of worries.—

## Calculating Time

*There's a time in the day's occupation,  
When we stop for a while for collation:  
Just butter with bread,  
Or with jelly o'erspread  
Which is welcome beyond expectation.*

## In The Future—How Far? Not So Far

KATHLEEN KELLEHER,

*Third Academic.*

"SISTER, please may I have Little Mary X. No. 4 to-morrow morning. A friend of mine is plane-ing from Hawaii and wishes me to meet her at Chicago."

"I'm sorry, dear, but Little Mary has not been repaired since Miss Academic spent her spring vacation in Cuba. Will X. I. Z. No. 3 be all right for this time?"

"Yes, indeed, Sister, thank you so much. I shall surely be back in time for my one-thirty class."

That same afternoon at five-fifteen, Miss St. Mary's told the following story to her friends: "Oh, girls! I had the most exciting time. Imagine! I had only started when my plane collided with the Coast to Coast Special at altitude, ten thousand. The other plane was not dam-

aged at all but my left wing was torn, so I went to Filling Station No. 333 (six thousand altitude.) While my plane was being repaired I called on Sister Mary Marie at Look Out Academy (four thousand altitude.) She sent her love to you all. Well, when I returned to the station, the mechanic said he could not repair the plane for a couple of hours. But listen, my dears, "she continued very enthusiastically," just then Mr. Notre Dame drove by and offered to take me to the Tea Room a la Air (five thousand altitude.) My friend, Rose Lawn, was there waiting for me. I persuaded Mr. Notre Dame to lunch with us; and, of course, we had a splendid time. So ends my story—Mr. Notre Dame brought me back, though a little late, for my one-thirty class—here I am."

## Appearances Are Deceiving

TERESA BURKE,

*Fourth Academic.*

THE two had become acquainted only the previous week, but already they were enjoying the sacred confidences of each other.

Today Jimmie, carefully assuming nonchalance, flung a letter over to Dan. It was from the "only" girl.

The instant that Dan saw the writing, he was agog with excitement growing more so with each page. "Why the bleak and murderous looks, old boy?" grinned Jimmie, having a sinking feeling around the region where his heart was supposed to be.

"Why the looks!!! Oh, nothing at all except that this same girl writes to me and says I'm the only fellow she bothers with. But I see through it all. Trying to make a bloomin' fool of me, eh? Well, I'll show the two of you."

Jimmie became as morose and inconsolable as Dan, on hearing this, for he had thought the same as his world weary and disconsolate friend. To think that

a girl should be so hard as to lead both of them on, and all the time appear so blissfully innocent and sweet. After comparing other letters and some pictures, they were all the more positive that the Margaret and Marguerite were one and the same girl. The change in signatures was only another mark of her whimsical nature.

Jimmie secretly decided to visit Margaret at school, the following morning, and show her she was not so clever as she thought. Dan, too, made up his mind to go up to Marguerite's school the following afternoon, provided he could move the hard-hearted Latin professor to excuse him early enough to catch that noon train.

Both were totally ignorant of the other's plan until the following afternoon, when the scarlet-faced Jimmie arguing with Margaret, came upon Dan, who was trying to tell Marguerite how deceitful she was. Surprise, ejaculations,

and sheepish grins were the principal features of the next ten minutes.

"Why didn't you tell us you had a twin?" and other questions were thrown at the sisters, to cover up the boys' momentary embarrassment.

entary embarrassment.

Gloom had turned to bliss and the day ended with two happy fellows "turning in" with a new picture of the twins,—together.

## Real Service

VERONICA DE LA HOUSSAYE,

*Fourth Academic.*

**P**ERCIVAL Z. PERKINS, former threshing machine driver of Rubeville, Arkansas, has been decorated by U. S. G. O. V. T. for real service to A. E. F.

### *His Own Story*

"Yes, I joined the American Force at the commencin' of the German scrap in Europe, to get even with the Germans. I've had a grudge against them ever since the Rubeville butchers Ham and Lim Burger stole "Daisy" our pet cow.

When the United States jumped in with a gun on each shoulder I went, too, and did it in a hurry; joined right up with the Husky-Haymaker's Division and I didn't make no mistake, neither; for when you get a young American insurance agent or osteopathist or school-teacher or ribbon-counter clerk and put 'em in a militia regiment, all together, they sure make quick work of givin' any German his requiem passport. Well, there's the Huskies for you!

We reckoned the French and English was waitin' for us to get in the job for

they knew we was no bunch of small town buddies.

They stuck me in Company C, thirteen supply train, M. F. S., (meanin' Miscellaneous Food Supply) attached to the 42nd Division of Husky-Haymakers, because I had the rep' of drivin' anything with an engine in it.

We went to France and I got a Government job as Kitchen Police, and tended the victuals, 'cause fightin' is an apatizin' job and we kept on the go all the time. I was on the "get-it-to-them" end with the plunder—hash, prunes, hard-tack and so on. I always went ahead; for the news that the men at the front were hungry and dry spurred me onward;

Man can live without wealth,

He can live without books,

But the great A. E. F.

Cannot live without cooks.

Finally I came upon them waitin' to renew the fight. What do I care that I was wounded twenty-eight times! Veni, Vidi, Vici."

## Experiment 200—The Fate of an Egg

HeLeN Sm(ID)t.

### *Object:*

To appease our hunger regardless of consequences.

### *Apparatus:*

Beaker, tripod, sandbath, watch glass and bunsen burner, connections, and penknife.

### *Material:*

Soft boiled egg, NaCl, H<sub>2</sub>O, appetite.

### *Procedure:*

A—Arranged a tripod and sandbath over the Bunsen burner. Placed a beaker of cold H<sub>2</sub>O on the sandbath and gently lowered into it a brown-shelled soft-

boiled egg, (previously removed from the breakfast table and transferred to the laboratory in a uniform pocket). Covered the beaker with a watch glass to keep in all the heat. We let it boil fifteen minutes.

Took off the hot water and replaced it with cold water to cool the egg. Removed the shell. The egg was hard.

### *Reaction:*

Soft boiled egg plus heat=hard boiled egg.

After a few minutes we proceeded to the stock room. This last step was taken

while the majority of the class was preparing Chlorine.

*Test:*

B—In the stock room we cut the egg in "two" with a pearl-handled penknife, and sprinkled NaCl over each half. Regardless of the fact that grace was necessary before a meal we omitted it; and with the greedy avidity of a starving 4th Ac. each devoured her separate and distinct half of the egg. (Despite this impromptu luncheon and the ordinary six slices (?) of three-thirty collation we ate the usual amount of supper which yielded the traditional result.)

*Reactions:*

- (1) Hardboiled egg plus NaCl—palatable nutriment for fastidious appetites.
- (2) Egg so treated plus usual collation plus supper=sleepless night.

*Conclusion:*

C—Hard boiled eggs may be more pleasing to the taste than soft ones. It may be more fun to boil eggs in class than to make Chlorine but retributive justice ever lurks in the wake of the "may be's."

## "Laughter Holding Both His Sides"

Now, Mary Rose is our Butler  
And Azalea is our Cook  
Fair Eileen is the Cutter,  
But for a Vallez we now look.

Academie: How many subjects is Joe McCarthy taking?

Collegiate: She's carrying one and dragging three.

Senior: All wrong! She's been exposed to four, but hasn't taken any.

Madeline Faight Frank, who was so strong that Marblestone couldn't even move her.

Fourth Ac. (throatily) Have you got any glyco-thymoline?

First Ac. (thoughtfully): N-no. I haven't, but I know a Second Ac whose father owns a dry goods store and he is always sending his daughter new materials. Maybe you could find some scraps there!

First Ac: Did you hear about the excitement in the Academy? The Fourth Ac Quartet, including E. Burkhartsmeier, L. Shaughnessy, M. Purman and F. Guthrie was up for circulating false notes.

When told to put Coke (Koch) in the fire, Buell said, "But it will Bern-o."

There's a sign that some of the girls  
Produce by some twists and some twirls.  
You're now right in style  
If you wear all the while  
These question-mark bandoline curls.

There is a Fourth Ac named Louise  
Who never can bear to eat cheese  
When we have it she'll rise  
And she frantically cries  
"O take it away or I'll wheeze."

Are you hearing the echoes afar  
Of St. Mary's renowned bazaar?  
On hope chests and gold  
Some chances are sold  
But more on the donated Car!

If Margaret Betz on a Kahl and does not  
receive it,  
Louise Downs her and wins the Hart of  
the King.

We're proud of the Rempes 1+4.  
And 2 others we had here of yore;  
Our new building, we deem,  
Would prove more than a dream  
Had we à la Rempe families galore.

# The First Ac's Appreciation of Sascha Jacobinoff

WINIFRED MULCAHEY,  
*First Academic.*

MARY—"Oh! wasn't he perfectly wonderful! I could sit and listen to him for hours!"

Jane—"That touch! the very gestures with the bow; the mellow, liquid notes aroused by his hand were enough to carry one to the scene of which he played."

Mary—"When he played that oriental piece I actually felt myself surrounded by beautiful velvety rugs of fantastic patterns, a dense cloud of cigarette smoke, a bespangled Turk—a scarlet fez—all that! And when he played the

Gypsy Airs—the hurried, light, notes seemed fairly to sing of a roaring fire, swarthy-featured men and women clustered around listening to the sweet music of a talented vagabond!"

Jane—"To think that he would shovel coal for months—it's incredible! But still he looks to be just that kind of man, one that would do anything for his country. He must have a noble character or he couldn't put so much soul in his music."

Mary—"Well, let's get back to the music of roller skates gliding over the cement side walk."

## May Time

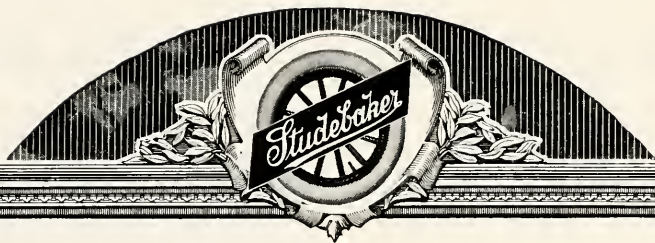
MARION COLLOPY,  
*Third Academic.*

*Studies and school days are all very fine—  
But I'll have the glorious May-time for mine.  
O, English and History and languages dead!  
All cobwebs of these I'll clear from my head.  
For May-time, and rest time, and fun time are coming;  
And soon all the birds and the bees will be humming.  
Then all my past worries and troubles I'll bury—  
Minus studies and text books, I hope to be merry.*

## A Farewell

VERONICA DE LA HOUSSEY,  
*Fourth Academic.*

*Against my will, and much against my heart,  
We two now part,  
My little bed!  
My solace is, that night will come again  
The day depart.  
With tired and heavy feet  
With tears retained  
I'll turn to you to rest my weary brain,  
Whose pillows are smoothed to sooth my aching head.  
But, oh, were there at S. M. A.  
Some hope for sleep by day!*



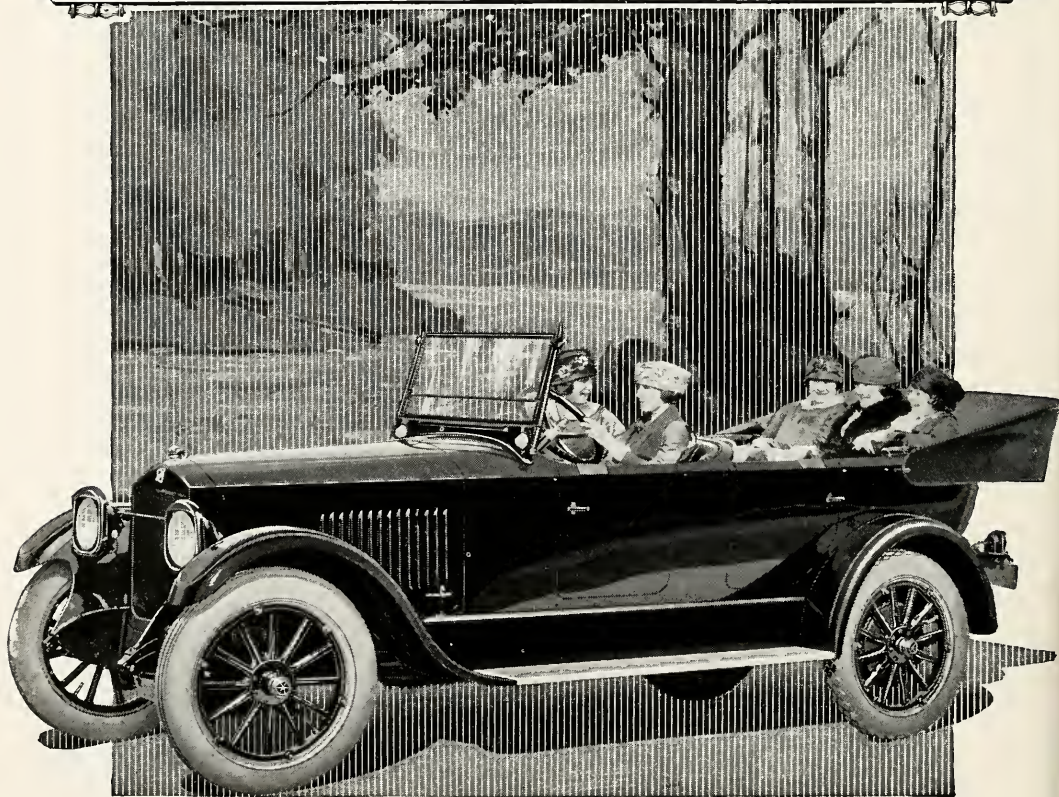
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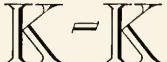
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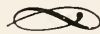
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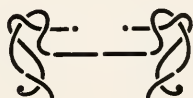
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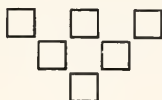


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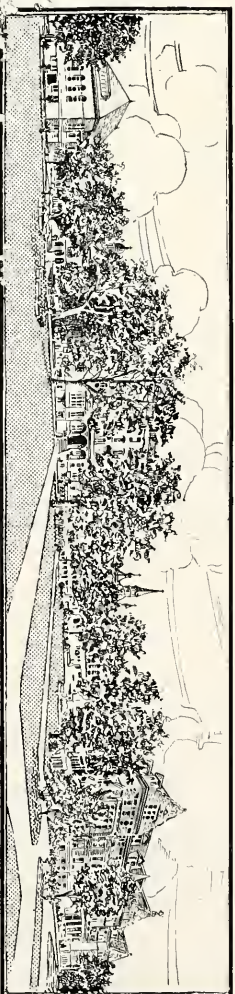
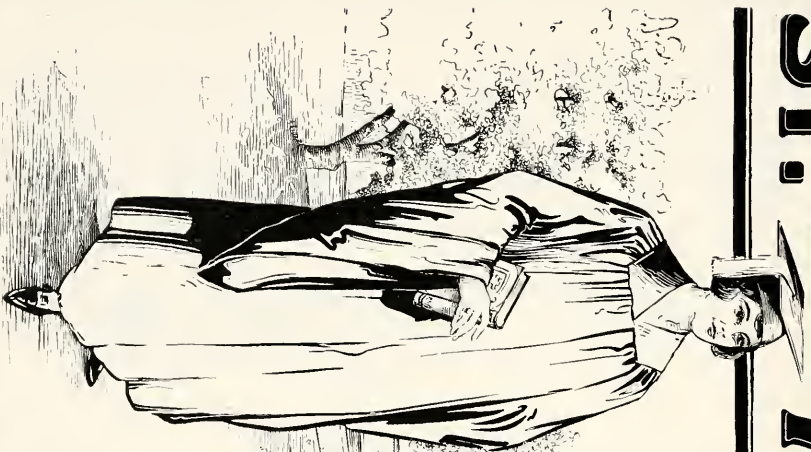
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Fourth Academic.

*On Flander's field where war with brutal force  
Has left the wounded scattered on the fields,  
No human comfort follows in their course  
As to his foeman, death, each warrior yields.  
But lo! a figure white with outstretched hands  
Moves silently across the blood-stained sands.*

*They know not Him who treads on Flander's land,  
Upon whom neither shot nor shell descend,  
Until He blesses them with crimsoned hands  
When they behold their Savior and true Friend.  
He kneels to comfort saying to each one  
"My peace be unto you, your work is done."*

*O dear St. Mary's, let me not forget  
In life's great warfare, all my guarded years  
With you. The figure white and I have met  
Each morn, and He has rid me of all fears.  
Together He and you have struggled long  
That I for life's great battle might be strong.*

*To enter life's great warfare now I go,  
With hope that you, a haunting memory,  
And He, my daily Guest, my way may show,  
And lead me over life's great stormy sea,  
Till Heaven's harbor for me opens wide  
Then may I enter still at His dear Side.*









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